THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI. BENNETT & FITCH, No. 726 Sansom St. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1876. | $3 00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 2.

LAST YEAR'S ROSES.

BY MARY B. COLBY.

I.

Birds in the apple-boughs
Sang a sweet tune,
When the warm sunshine brought
Roses of June.
White as the drifted snow,
Filled with perfume,
Stealing like melody
Into my room.

II.

Zephyrs danced in and out
All the long day—
Kissed them, and tried to steal
Their sweets away.
With last year's roses came
Something to me—
Something all pure and sweet
Came silently.

III.

All through the sunny days
It made life bright;
Rose-tinged each morning, as
Golden the night.
Where did it wander from?
I know not where;
Only its presence sweet
Filled all the air.

IV.

Maybe the soft south wind
Brought it along;
Maybe it wandered from
The land of sweet song.
Perchance, the angels sent
It from above,
For a new, holy life
Commences with love.

V.

Birds soon will sing again
Their merry tune;
Sunbeams will bring again
Roses of June;
Yet their white bloom will fade—
Fade and decay;
But nought on earth can take
My love away.

* * *

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "FLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE SPIES AT WORK.

In the parlor of one of the principal residences in the town of New Brunswick were seated three persons.

It needed not the sentry at the door to prove that these were persons of high importance; their dress and general appearance being a better indication.

Two of them were dressed in the uniforms of generals in the British army; the one a short, thick-set man, with an agreeable face and very affable in his manners; the other a man of fine figure, full six feet high, and not unlike General Washington in appearance, and in the grace and dignity of his manners.

The third of this triad was no other than our old acquaintance, Allen Brooks.

A week had now elapsed since his escape from his prison at Snyder's Inn. He was dressed somewhat more carefully than on the previous occasions in which we have met him, but presented no other change in his appearance.

"I have had a rather serious experience since last I met you," he said, in continuation of their conference. "However, as I am none the worse for it, my personal affairs are not to the point."

"Hardly," said the tall officer.

"Yet I am curious to know to what you allude," said the other.

"Nothing that need particularly interest your lordship," was the reply. "I was unfortunate enough to be arrested as a spy, by a scouting party sent out, I believe, for that special purpose. At all events, it was mere chance that they did not hang me."

"You had no damaging papers, I hope?"

"No, nor was I anywhere near their lines. I do not know where their suspicions of me originated."

"Somebody must have recognized you as having been seen in our presence."

"I have always been very careful."

"But there was no evidence against you? You were released?" questioned the tall officer.

"Released by the aid of a young lady friend of mine, and by the nimbleness of my legs," was Brooks' reply.

"You escaped then?"

"Yes, your lordship."

"I have heard of this affair, Sir William," replied the one addressed. "Mr. Brooks tells the truth. The story of his escape has reached Brunswick."

"I do not doubt his word," was the quiet reply of the tall officer, who was none other than Sir William Howe, the British commander. "Mr. Brooks has my entire confidence."

"And mine," said Lord Cornwallis. "He has proved himself fully trustworthy."

"I am grateful for your commendation," replied Brooks' with a courteous bow.

"I fear your usefulness has been impaired by this affair," said Sir William. "It will not be safe for you to venture again within the lines of the Continentals."

"Not if they know me," said the spy, confidently. "But I have more faces than you have seen. I have not undertaken this business without a talent for it."

A pause ensued, the two officers looking at the sedate face of their visitor, a show of admiration on the countenance of his lordship, some doubt in that of Sir William.

"We have been conversing, Mr. Brooks," said the latter, with a show of reposing great confidence in his visitor, "on the subject of crossing the Delaware. His lordship is of the opinion that we should provide means and make the attempt at once. I am disposed to delay for the present. Our reasons for these opinions we will withhold until we hear yours. You are better informed than we of the condition and prospects of the rebel army. What is your advice?"

"The same as yours, Sir William, I advise delay."

"On what grounds?" Cornwallis hastily asked.

"I will give my reasons. You may not deem them good."

"That matters not," said Sir William. "Give your facts and we will form our own conclusions."

"You are aware that Washington's army has been greatly enfeebled by desertion, and the expiring of the terms of the militia?"

"We are fully aware of it."

"For all that he has still enough men to closely guard the banks of the Delaware, and to give you very serious trouble in crossing in the face of his troops. Every effort has been made to strengthen his force by enlistment, and considerable numbers of men have come in from Philadelphia and from the back country."

"And why is this a reason for delay?" asked Cornwallis. "Will his forces not continue to increase?"

"They will not," said Brooks decisively. "Enlistments are becoming more and more difficult to make. Moreover, on the first of January, the terms of a large portion of his army expire. He is likely to commence the new year with sadly diminished forces."

"Just my argument," said Howe, turning to his lordship. "And is there not a strong chance of the Delaware freezing, so that we may cross on a bridge of ice?"

"Yes; after the first of January. The river seldom closes before in this latitude. January is our coldest month."

"And the stream at this point frequently closes in winter?" asked Cornwallis.

"Nearly every winter."

"It is as I said," remarked Howe. "It is not two weeks to the new year. It will be our best policy to wait on the aid of nature."

Cornwallis shrugged his shoulders doubtfully but made no reply.

"I must ask your excellency for a pass through the lines," said Brooks, gracefully rising. "The one I had disappeared not a very long time ago," he continued with a smile. "It was not quite the safe style of document to be found in my possession."

"I should think not," said Howe, as he proceeded to write the pass requested. "Take care that this does not bring you to a rope's end.

"I don't think Brooks needs much caution on that point," said Cornwallis, laughing. "Our names are not warrants of safety in the camps of the rebels."

"I would scarcely like to offer it to Col. McLane or Captain Conrad," said Brooks, with like merriment. "They are too short, sharp, and decisive in their ways for my idea of comfort."

The conversation was a considerable time longer, Brooks then taking his leave.

"What do you think of him?" asked Howe, when the two were alone together. "It comes natural to me to doubt all spies. This man seems safe, but I would not like to trust him with an important secret."

"I think him honest," replied Cornwallis. "Did you notice that he was not at all inclined to boast of his adventure? Had he been a cheat he would have exaggerated the peril he had gone through in our behalf. We know from other sources that his escape from death was very narrow."

"True," said Howe, reflectively. "I dislike the business he is engaged in and doubt all its professors. He seems a man of too much refinement for such an avocation."

The object of these remarks was advancing through the town, towards the stables where his horse had been left. He was mentally reviewing the interview just ended.

"Delay is all important to Washington," he thought. "British spy as I am called, I think I have helped the Continentals somewhat, by confirming in Howe's mind facts which he had already heard. I hardly think that he will discover that my facts were mixed with a few mild fables. Suppose the river does freeze over. Suppose that Washington's army is disorganized. These are probabilities not very encouraging to an American. The rebel cause is in imminent danger. If it is to be saved it must be by a blow with what little strength it has left. Allen Brooks, however, had best not venture with even that good advice into Washington's lines."

He smiled mysteriously as he mounted his horse and rode southwardly.

But we must return to the garrulous Perce Brown, whom we left about entering upon the same business in which Brooks was engaged, though upon the other side.

Just how he had fulfilled his mission, we must take his own word for, as we have not time to follow him in his wanderings through the posts of the British army.

Washington thought his return of sufficient importance to call a council of the chief officers of the army, to whose presence the unabashed Perce was introduced.

"I've been there, and seed lots," he said, standing with imperturbable self-possession among his dignified auditors. "Have any of you ever twigged a buzzard flying?"

"Why do you ask?" queried one of the officers.

"'Cause that's like the Britishers jist now. The pint of one wing at Burlington; the pint of 'tother at Brunswick, and the rest of the corporation spread out atween. There ain't no body—it's all wings. A company here, a rigiment there; and all taking it as easy as crows in corn time. The red coat commanders are laying off on turkey and champagne at Brunswick, bad luck to them."

This somewhat general statement was followed by the particulars of his discoveries, elicited by free questioning, and given by him swathed in voluminous blankets of words.

"You seem a shrewd fellow," said Colonel Reed. "You have answered our questions very intelligently. Have you anything to offer on your own account?"

"A few words, if it won't be impertinent," said Perce, with an air as if it would not hurt his feelings much if they even should consider him impudent. "My opinion of Howe and Cornwallis is that they're the out-and-outest fools I ever seed. If they'd wit enough to make a quick dash across the Delaware, don't you gentlemen know that it would be all up with your army, and that the glorious cause of Ameriky wouldn't be worth the twist in a pig's tail?"

The officers looked at each other in almost consternation at these shrewd words.

"But they ain't crossed and they ain't in no hurry to cross," said Perce, coolly. "So that crab won't bite. Then there's tother point of view."

"Well, let us hear it," said Colonel Reed.

"It's jist this. If they're ninnies that's no reason for your being. Go for them if they won't come for you. If I wanted to be sure to hurt a bird I'd fire when his wings were spread. There's more of him to hit, you see, and less to hit back. I've had my say now, and I've got biz outside, and none here, so I'll slope."

Perce walked coolly out of the room in which the council had been held, leaving its members looking meaningly at each other.

"You have heard this man's words, gentlemen," said Washington, now speaking for the first time, "I would like your opinions on the advice he has seen fit to give us."

A long debate ensued, in which the chances of an aggressive movement were discussed in all their bearings. It was closed by Washington, who said:

"The man is correct in his opinion. It is our only hope. Nor have I waited 'till this late hour to make up my mind what line of action to pursue. On Christmas day, which is but two days off, there will be a carouse among the Hessians at Trenton. On that night, the fates permitting, I shall cross the Delaware with my whole army and attack their camp. The result I trust to God and to the just cause."

There was almost a shout of enthusiasm from the excited officers as the council broke up with these decisive words.

CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

It was certainly the ubiquitous Perce Brown, though a great change had taken place in his appearance. It was the same light, freckled face, the same sandy hair and whiskers, but in dress his nearest friend would not have known him.

He had discarded the dusty, grey, freyed, homespun garb which he usually wore, for the more picturesque dress of borderer, leggings, fringed hunting-shirt and fur cap. Why this odd change had been made, unless as a disguise, there was nothing to show. He was strolling leisurely along a sandy country road, a few miles out from Trenton, humming a lively air as if he felt it would be out of character with him to remain silent.

He suddenly paused, looked keenly along the road and seemed intently listening. His next movement was to place his hand on the top rail of the road-side fence, and lightly spring over into the adjoining field. Here were some bushes which afforded him a safe covert, and within which he immediately hid himself.

In five minutes more the motive of his action became apparent. The tramp of hoofs, the jingling of spurs and accoutrements, were plainly audible. This sound was followed by the appearance of a small troop of red coats, who came slowly riding along, laughing and chatting in high glee.

They numbered about fifty in all, three or four young officers, richly attired, riding at their head. They seemed in no hurry and were several minutes in passing the hiding place of the spy, whose keen eyes watched their every movement.

"Out for a holiday," he said, emerging from his covert, as they passed around a bend in the road. "If I could only hit Captain Washington and his troop now. He has been a week on his scout, and cannot be far away from here. I would like to see him take the polish off the coats of these fine gentlemen."

As he spoke he was advancing rapidly across the fields, leaving the road he had been before pursuing. A half mile in this direction brought him to another country road, converging toward the former.

He had but fairly reached it when he again assumed an attitude of attention.

"I'm a sinner if there ain't more troopers out," he said to himself. "It must be a regular parade day. What if this should be Captain Washington. I would give the best bushel of potatoes from my Jersey farm if it should prove so."

He concealed himself as before, not seeming willing to trust the possibility of its being a British troop. A few minutes decided the question. A troop rode briskly up to where he was hid, dressed in the unmistakeable uniform of the American service.

It was headed by a tall, fine-featured man, riding a spirited white horse. By his side rode a younger man in the uniform of a lieutenant.

The scout broke from his covert of bushes and ran eagerly forward, calling out loudly to the leader of the troop, who drew up on seeing him approach.

"Captain Washington!" he cried. "Just the man I am looking for!"

"And what can I do for you, my good fellow?" asked the officer, in a kindly tone. "Hallo! it's my old friend, Perce Brown, in a masquerade dress."

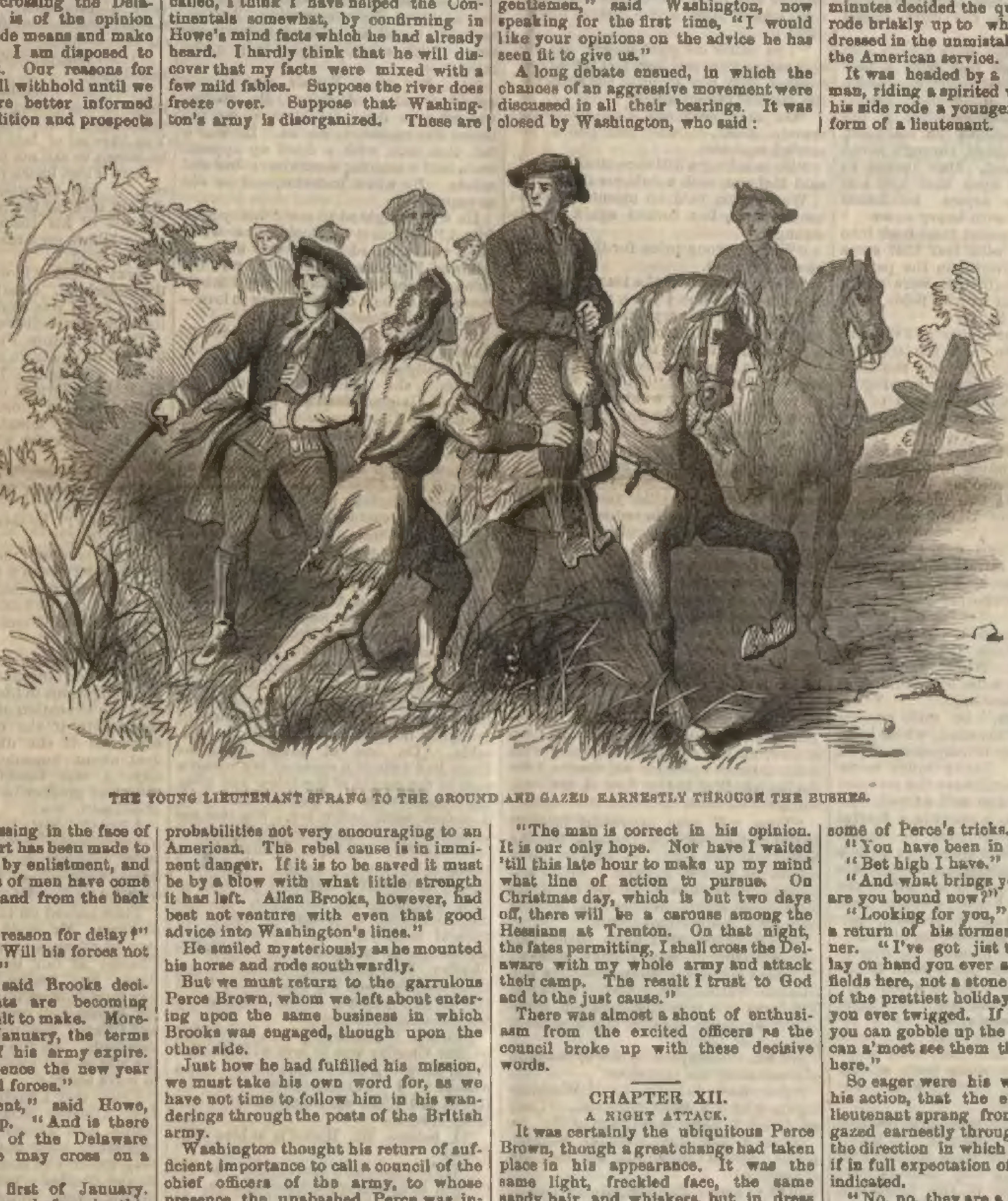
"That's me, for a load of water-melons, just from the border. Injun agent, you know. Been throwing sand in the eyes of the Hessians." Captain Washington laughed, as if he was acquainted with some of Perce's tricks.

"You have been in Trenton, then?"

"Bet high I have."

"And what brings you here? Where are you bound now?"

"Looking for you," cried Perce with a return of his former energy of manner. "I've got jist the loveliest little lay on hand you ever seed. Jist across fields here, not a stone throw, is a party of the prettiest holiday British troopers you ever twigged. If you lay out lively you can gobble up the hull party. You can a'most see them through the bush here."



THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT SPRANG TO THE GROUND AND GAZED EARNESTLY THROUGH THE BUSHES.

So eager were his words, so forcible his action, that the enthusiastic young lieutenant sprang from his horse and gazed earnestly through the bushes in the direction in which Perce pointed, as if in full expectation of seeing the troop indicated.

"No, no, they are a mile away, man," said the scout. "You must lay out, whip and spur. There's not fifty of them, and they're ambling along like so many ladies. Lend me a horse and we'll overhaul them in ten minutes."

Infected by his enthusiasm they gave the rein to their horses, and rode rapidly in the direction indicated by the scout, who had been provided with a good steed, and rode recklessly at the head of the troop.

The road they were on converged into the former one at the distance of a mile and a half. The enemy, however, was not yet visible. Night was now rapidly approaching, the last rays of the setting sun gilding the yet distant steeples of Trenton.

"They must have stirred up to git in before dark," muttered Perce, spurring his horse to still greater speed.

A mile more was passed. Darkness was now thickly gathering. The houses of Trenton loomed up just before them. A sharp angle in the road was turned. There, not a quarter of a mile distant, rode the gay troop they were pursuing.

"Whip and spur! At them, lads! Ride down the red beggars!" was Perce's stirring shout, as the troop thundered down the road.

His inspiriting cry was echoed by the Captain, and reached the ears of the Britons.

One hasty look at the array of wild horses pouring down upon them, in unknown numbers, one moment's listening to the mad shouts of the pursuers, and they broke into full flight, riding with headlong haste for the streets of the garrisoned town.

It was nip and tuck, but the start was too great, the town too near. The pursuing horses came upon their rear; a half dozen were stricken to the ground; two made prisoners, the British pickets driven in, and the very streets of the town entered by the daring troopers.

Then the roll of drums beating to arms, and a volley of musketry from a yet distant squad of infantry, admonished them that it was time to back out, if they wanted to escape being captured wholesale.

With loud laughter and shouts of derision they turned and rode back into the darkness, leaving the Hessian regiments rapidly arming, and the whole town a scene of confusion indescribable.

It was a merry troop that rode slowly northward, laughing gayly at the precipitous flight of their foes, and at the dismay which a handful of men had made in the lines of a brigade of Hessian soldiery.

They stopped for several hours at a roadside inn, giving their horses and themselves much needed food and rest.

Several hours before day, however, they were again on the road, still moving northward.

"There is a strange sound in the distance," said the Lieutenant, intently listening. "It sounds now like the rush of waters."

"It is not that," said Perce.

"You know what it is then?"

"Yes. It is the sound of a marching army."

"An army!" was the astonished reply of the Captain. "What army?"

"General Washington's!" cried Perce, with enthusiasm. "I didn't care to tell you till you'd find out for yourself. He is making a forced march on Trenton, and if he don't surprise and wipe out the thundering Hessians, then I'm no judge of mosquitoes."

"A forced march! A night attack! You knew of this and yet led us to assault the town!" cried Captain Washington in a fury. "You rascally sand-eater, you have made us put the British on their guard, and spoiled our general's plan!"

"Not a bit of it," said Perce, stoutly.

"What do you mean, sirrah?"

"I mean that they had already been warned of an attack, and were ready for it. I heard that much in Trenton. That is why I led you against the town. I will bet my head now that they take that for the expected attack, and go off on a Christmas spree. If Washington don't catch them napping, sell me for a wasp."

"You're a tramp, Perce Brown!" said the Captain, seizing his hand.

As he spoke they rounded a curve in the road. An unlooked-for and imposing spectacle lay before them. There, stretched in long, dark lines under the moonlight, were the ranks of a marching army. Far as the eye could reach, dimming off into the shadowy distance, they were spread along the narrow roadway. In their front, towering in height above a crowd of officers by whom he was surrounded, appeared in the pale moonlight, the well-known form and features of General George Washington.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN HISTORICAL LEAF.

Our readers must excuse a short digression into the exact history of the Revolution, and a momentary halt in the chronicle of the part taken by our special characters. There are no events in this long continued war more striking, or which had a more powerful effect both upon our own and upon foreign people, than those with which our story now has to deal, and we therefore feel that it will be well to awaken the weakened memories of these events in our minds.

During the evening and and night of December 5th, Washington's army had been struggling with the elements in their efforts to cross the ice-laden stream. In boats, on cakes of floating ice, in every available way, they fought a passage over the winter-bound channel, it being three o'clock in the morning before the whole force was across the difficult river.

Of the three divisions which were to attempt the crossing, two utterly failed, only the troops under Washington himself succeeding. This crossing was made at a place then known as McKenky's Ferry, nine miles above Trenton.

It was four o'clock before the small army set out on its southward march, and all hopes of a surprise of the enemy were given up. But chance had worked for the cause of liberty far more than its friends anticipated.

Captain Washington's attack had seemed to Colonel Rall to be the assault of which he had been warned, and in consequence the Hessians were allowed great liberty in their Christmas carouse, full security being felt.

Before morning drunkenness was the rule in the garrison, vigilance the exception.

When, therefore, at eight o'clock, of a misty winter's morning, Washington's small and exhausted, but enthusiastic, force, descended upon them, they were taken utterly by surprise, and made scarcely an attempt at defence.

Through the town the patriot troops fought their way, driving before them the demoralized Hessians, and finally surrounding and taking prisoners the greater portion of the British force.

The loss of the latter was in all about

900, while some 600 escaped. Colonel Rall, their commander, was mortally wounded. The American loss in this brilliant movement was two killed and as many frozen to death.

Cornwallis had gone to New York with the intention of embarking for England. On hearing of this event he hastily returned, and marched with all speed upon Trenton.

Washington, who had recrossed the Delaware with his prisoners and spoils, was again in the Jerseys, with his whole force now marching upon it, and but for the supineness of the British commander, in postponing his attack until the following morning, the American army would have been in the most serious danger.

Advantage was taken of this fortunate delay to escape from their dangerous position. A council of the American officers was held, in which another retreat to Pennsylvania was strongly urged. Others advised a movement round the flank of the opposing army and a divertisement on Princeton.

This daring project Washington willingly embraced. The weather for two days previous had been warm, and the roads soft and difficult. But providentially at this crisis the wind changed to the northwest, rapidly freezing the ground, and giving abundant reason for the long line of fires that were kindled and kept burning all night.

Cornwallis rested in fancied vigilance before these mocking fires, until suddenly aroused to a sense of his obtuseness by the thunder of cannon from the direction of Princeton. His army was at once put on a hasty march back, but too late to save the Princeton brigade from a severe disaster.

Washington had encountered them at daybreak, and after a momentary repulse—which he had overcome by his personal daring, riding boldly in between the two armies—had severely defeated them, with a loss on the British side of 200 killed and wounded, and 300 prisoners.

The movement of the British troops was now a forced march on New Brunswick, where were all the stores of their army, and which it was feared Washington intended to attack.

He, on the contrary, hastened to Morristown, which he had been strongly advised to occupy, hindering any pursuit of his powerful foe by breaking down the bridges behind him.

We need but glance hastily at the remainder of the British occupation of New Jersey, as it has no immediate bearing upon our story.

They had been their own worst enemies while in this State, and now began to feel severely the consequences of their mistakes.

These consisted in harsh and brutal treatment of the inhabitants, in which the Hessians were pre-eminent for cruelty. Nothing was spared by this fierce soldiery. Property, honor, life itself, were not safe from their desecrating hands, and an army of savages could scarce have committed more depredation.

As a result the people were thoroughly exasperated, and commenced a partisan warfare upon their foes which confined them closely to their two garrisoned towns of New Brunswick and Amboy.

The whole winter through they were in desperate straits; not a foraging party could venture out without danger of being cut off; not a convoy could reach headquarters without serious peril of capture.

The result was a final withdrawal of the British troops to New York, a flight which was made with as much danger of becoming a fatal disaster as had Washington's been when the positions were reversed, and it had been his part to hastily retreat across New Jersey.

During these movements our two scouts had not been inactive—Perce Brown winning himself new laurels as an able aid to the American cause, while his more polished opponent seemingly rendered himself as useful to the royal forces, and more obnoxious than ever to the Americans.

Many had been the efforts to capture him, many his hair breadth escapes, yet he still kept his liberty and grew more daring than ever, becoming higher in the confidence of Howe and Cornwallis with every new exploit, and keeping them posted in information which, by some cause or other, seldom proved of much benefit to them.

And so the Winter and Spring passed, and Summer came again upon the land. No active movement had been taken by Washington since the retreat of the foe. His force remained an army of observation, watching at a distance every movement of the British, but quite unable to tell what plans they had in view for the future.

When, however, word came to him through his faithful spy, Perce Brown, that the troops of the enemy were embarking for some unknown destination, a renewed activity appeared in the American camp.

It was impossible to arrive at their object in this movement. They sailed straight to sea, and whether their destination was some of the Northern States, or whether they were seeking to effect by water what they had failed in by land, were mooted questions.

Washington held his army well in hand, moving backward and forward as varying information arrived, and sending out scouts along the New Jersey coast, and to the capes of the Delaware, in earnest anxiety to trace this mysterious movement.

At length reports began to arrive. The British fleet had been sighted off New Jersey coast, steering south. This news sent a thrill of activity throughout the American ranks. They were immediately hurried southward, and massed in the vicinity of Philadelphia awaiting further tidings.

Soon these came. The flotilla had passed within full sight of Cape May. They had been seen hovering about the mouth of Delaware Bay. There was no doubt but that they intended to ascend the river, and strive to force themselves to the city, past the batteries at Red Bank and at Fort Mifflin.

Apparently well satisfied that he had at least divined their intention, Washington held his army in full readiness to prevent this threatened attack, and to co-operate with the forts in saving the then capitol city from British occupation.

This was the situation of affairs when our story again properly opens. The designs of the enemy were not yet completely developed. No word came that they had been seen within the bay or river, and a growing doubt began to settle upon the information received—a doubt which produced much disquiet in the mind of the American Commander.

At this point news reached him which for the first time fully exposed the plans of the enemy, and enabled him to prepare for a very threatening movement.

The character of this new information must be left to be developed in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SPY'S ERRAND.

It was ten o'clock of a fresh morning in early September, that a horseman left the western bank of the Hudson river, having just landed from the New York ferry-boat, and set out at a rapid speed across the flats which mark that portion of New Jersey.

It was a man with whom we are already well acquainted, no other than Allen Brooks, the spy; and from his haste now he seemed to be upon some errand of extreme importance.

He was well-mounted on a noble blooded bay of long reach and powerful build, who sped along the almost deserted road with a stride and a nervous swing of the head which betokened the joy of the animal in its freedom and speed.

Nor was the rider less free from exhilaration in the fresh breath of the morning air and in the nervous excitement of high speed. Yet there was a light in his eyes and a close pressure of the lips that signified thoughts far beyond the ken of the animal he rode, a look as of one riding into danger which he rather invited than feared.

He was too old a horseman to push the animal to the top of his speed despite his seeming haste. He rather held him in, curbing the exultant powers of his horse to a pace much more moderate than his build gave promise of. This was no short burst upon which the spy was engaged, but a long, exhausting journey, in which the utmost vigor of his horse would be called into exercise, and possibly exhausted.

Mile after mile was left behind him; minute followed minute; hour chased hour into the past, and still with that long, unchanging stride, horse and horseman rushed across the level Jersey plains.

Hamlets and towns were passed and left behind. Farms ripe with a new harvest, on which the hand of the spoiler had not been laid, lifted their golden glory to his gaze, and vanished in the distance. Over bridges he clattered, across fords he plashed, through paved streets he thundered. Men rushed to their doors to look upon that still and stern rider whose aspect betokened one weighed down with heavy news.

Many went with pallid faces back into their houses, filled with fear that some fatal disaster had overtaken the patriot army, or that the British were again advancing over their fruitful fields, with desolation in their hands.

An hour's halt for dinner and refreshment for his horse, and the spy was again on the road. Through the long hours of the afternoon and evening he rode on, until the flagging speed of his noble horse admonished him of the need of rest.

And now before his eyes was the gleam of waters kindled in the evening sun. The Delaware lay before him, wide and still. He had ridden across the whole width of New Jersey since the morning.

The light of a new day found him again on the road, refreshed by a night's slumber, and his steed as fresh and firm as if he had spent the previous day in the stable.

The river was passed. The firm soil of Pennsylvania took the impress of those rapid hoofs. Within view of the river he sped down miles of this new soil and hours of this new day.

"My royal Bess," he said, patting the arched neck of his steed, whose head was tossed proudly in response, "You have done nobly. Thirty miles more, my lass, and you shall have the rest and the praise you have so well earned. As for your master, he is running a fearful risk, but the cause demands it. Death itself would be nobly earned in such a service. There is no time now to seek a disguise. I must present myself in the American camp as I really am, and trust to fortune to save me from being captured before I can gain the ear of Washington. Once in the hands of his rangers my story would seem but a weak device in order to escape the fate of a spy."

On and on he went, not swerving to left or right, not pausing for rest or refreshment. The day was half sped when at length the American camp broke upon his gaze; its white tents spread upon a broad plain, through whose centre ran a deep creek.

For the last few miles his progress had been one of constant danger. A dozen bodies of soldiery had come within sight or hearing, and had only been avoided by a quick taking to the fields and woods, or by a hard ride through the open road. One or two hails had been given, one bullet sped after, yet he rode on unharmed and unpausing.

The overworked horse showed evident signs of exhaustion as he passed the line of sentries and entered the enclosure of the camp

"Halt, friend!" cried an officer, standing erect before him. "What is your mission here, that you have ridden that noble horse nearly to death to accomplish it?"

"I must see your commander, General Washington, at once, with tidings of the first importance."

"From whence?"

"From New York, since yesterday's sun."

"Follow me at once," said the officer, starting into a hasty stride. "Word from New York, that needs such riding to carry it, is what our ears are waiting for now."

The men who were lounging on the borders of the camp, and the few officers who appeared in sight, looked with wonder at the nervous stride of Colonel McLane, and at the unknown man who followed on such a wet and drooping horse.

A few minutes brought them to the door of a tent only marked from the others by the sentry who paced slowly before it. Calling a soldier to take the horse of the stranger, the Colonel passed into the tent. A few words spoken within, and the spy was invited to enter.

There were but two occupants of the contracted enclosure—Colonel McLane, who had just entered, and one whom it needed no second glance for Brooks to discern, in his noble face and imposing presence, the Commander-in-Chief of the American army.

He uncovered with a movement of reverence before Washington's dignified demeanor, and stood waiting in silence to be addressed.

Washington looked at him a moment without speaking, seeming to read his very soul with that deep glance, from which it appeared as if no deceit or falsehood could hide.

"Colonel McLane has told me of your object," he slowly said. "You bring tidings from New York?"

"I do," was Brooks' sole answer.

"To whom am I speaking?"

"That I must decline to tell you," replied Brooks, with a courteous motion of the head. "I have important reasons for this silence. I must therefore beg your forbearance on this point, and ask you to receive my news without the warrant of my name."

"What reason shall I have then to believe you?" asked Washington, sternly. "Do you imagine that I shall act on nameless tidings?"

"I might have easily given you a name. It could not have been disproved here. I preferred to be honest at the risk of being mysterious."

Washington turned away with a motion of displeasure. He remained for a minute or two in silent thought, Brooks standing with an humble but unchanged expression, and Colonel McLane darting angry glances towards the daring stranger.

"Speak sir," said the commander, turning again to his visitor. "I will act then on my own judgment."

His eyes were fixed on the stranger with a searching glance. But Brooks bore without a sign of confusion this close regard, and answered steadily.

"I am from New York," he said, "There I have unusual facilities in arriving at the designs of the British. I have learned that the movement up the Delaware, against which you are guarding, is but a feint. Their real purpose points elsewhere."

"Where?" was the brief question.

"To the Chesapeake. They are no longer near the Delaware. They may be at this moment landing at the head of Chesapeake Bay."

Washington gave no sign of surprise, though the Colonel received this news with a hasty start, and a look of incredulity.

"You refuse me your name. Do you also refuse to reveal how you are so conversant with the plans of the enemy?" the general calmly asked.

"On that point also I am obliged to remain silent," was the polite but settled rejoinder.

"He is asking a little too much of us," said McLane, with a dubious shrug.

Washington paid no attention to this interruption, but turned again to the stranger.

"What is your price for this news?" he coldly asked.

"Nothing, sir, but the loan of a horse in place of the one I have ridden down, and a request that my horse be carefully kept until I shall return for it."

"You are in haste to leave us, sir."

"I have important reasons," was the reply of the visitor. "If I were at liberty to reveal them you would acknowledge that my silence and haste are not without warrant."

"And what reason have I to believe the story of a nameless and mysterious stranger?" asked Washington, with severe intonation. "If you choose to shroud yourself so in secrecy, it might have been more consistent to have kept this news a secret also."

"The first concerns myself alone. The latter concerns you and my country," said Brooks earnestly. "However, you may doubt it, do not fail to take some action to prepare for the movement I have told you of. Let not distrust of me prevent you from preparing before it be too late for the threatened danger."

His voice had a pleading sense which seemed to impress Washington deeply. The latter stood a moment in deep silence, his two companions gazing with much interest upon his expressive face. He then walked to the door of the tent, and gave an order to some one outside.

"Time will soon prove the truth or falsity of your tidings," he said, turning again into the tent. "I have no more reason to believe it than I would any stranger who chose to tell me an unauthenticated story. If it be true or if it be false, I will remember you."

"Wise preparation costs little, and may win much," was Brooks' answer. "Colonel McLane I know distrusts me. General Washington, I fear, doubts me. Yet I can only hope that you will listen to my entreaty, even if you may deem your action unwise."

He was interrupted by the appearance of a soldier at the tent door.

"Your horse is ready," said Washington with a wave of dismissal. "Your own shall be taken good care of."

"Can I ask you, Colonel McLane, where Captain Conrad and his troop are at present?"

"Off towards Philadelphia, I cannot say just where. Do you know the Captain?"

"I have met him," was the brief answer, as he passed out of the door, with a polite retiring bow.

The next minute the tramp of hoofs was heard on the sod without.

"And are not too anxious to meet him again, I'll be bound," grumbled the Colonel. "This seems a weak invention of the enemy," he continued, "I hardly think you will take any decided action in consequence of this man's news."

"You will give orders for an immediate breaking of camp," was Washington's earnest reply. "We must be on our march South before to-morrow's sun."

With a stare of amazement the Colonel turned, and abruptly left the tent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NATURALNESS in any character removes the fear of it; the man is not thinking of his external advantages, of the points in which he stands above us, but of that part of himself with which we have most in common. All people whom we think of as natural require sympathy, and are not too proud to show their need of it. Thus we have it in our power to serve them—a relation which establishes a certain equality, and quickens regard into personal affection, mounting sometimes into enthusiasm.

A SHEEP may slip into a slough as well as a swine. The difference is that the sheep dreads a fall and speedily rises from it; while it is a habit with the swine to be unclean, and to love the same condition that the other abhors. There is no need to give the application

"THE PICKETS ARE IN."

BY S. K. PHILLIPS.

Take heed, pretty maid, parading is done;
'Twas in sham fight, remember, that trophy was won;
No pulse then beat faster to hear the roll-call,
When in gay review order you march'd to the ball;
But now in earnest does fight begin;
The red flag is mounted—the pickets are in.

The eye once so fearless droops shyly to his,
The mutinous laugh, ah, how timid it is!
The little hand steady to sign that farewell,
See now how it quivers its master to tell;
The ranks are dressing, to lose or to win;
What is the war-cry?—the pickets are in.

Take heed, pretty maiden; nay, useless my rede;
When Love sounds the onset will youth ever heed?
A charge and a rally, shock, flight, and surrender!
Now brief be the melee, the conqueror tender,
And the wedding march down the battle din!
Peace sigh'd at the altar—the pickets are in.

FLORA.

BY JESSICA.

It seems so strange to me to have a day all to myself. The children are out for a holiday, and John will not be home till evening; and here am I sitting by the window on this bright morning all alone. Alone for once; and how many women are alone their whole lives long! My thoughts begin to travel away back to the time before my marriage; and naturally I think of Flora, who was so much bound up with my life then. Sweet Flora Cameron, with her clear hazel eyes and her braids of bonny brown hair! We were at school together, she being a teacher and I a pupil. She was four years my senior; and partly on that account my love for her was mingled with a considerable amount of respect.

She had been brought up from girlhood in the expectation of having to earn her own living; and perhaps that accounted for her sedate, self-restraining manner when with us school-girls. I remember being perfectly astonished at her gaiety and girlishness the first time I had her home with me after I left school. She was an orphan, and had no home, so she did not want much persuasion to come. My twin brother, Charley, managed to get his holidays at the same time, which completed our little gathering.

The day after Flora's arrival our neighbor and papa's friend, Mr. Heron, walked over from Beechgrove, as his house was named, to see us. He was a tall, thin man, with a dried up appearance, and a manner somewhat sober and sedate. He was a bachelor, and as old as papa.

He was delighted to see "his young friend," meaning me, looking so well; but I was amused at the way his eyes followed Flora about the room, and I decided at once in my own mind that it was going to be a case of falling in love—on his side at least.

"What do you think of Mr. Heron?" I asked of Flora, after he had left.

"I really do not know what to think of him," she replied. "I could not judge of his conversational powers, as I did not hear him say much."

"His eyes were eloquent enough, at any rate," I said.

Flora looked up surprised. She had evidently not observed him as I had; but I did not enlighten her further.

Mr. Heron came frequently after that, and his gaze was always upon Flora; but he did not seem to pay her any other attentions.

It was hot summer weather, and we often had tea on the lawn. Papa and mama, with Mr. Heron, would sit quietly under the shade of a tree, while Charley, Flora, and I made preparations. We carried chairs, arranged cups and saucers, and assisted the servant generally in these open-air meals, while on Flora particularly devolved the duty of grouping flowers to ornament the tea-table. On one of these occasions Flora had twined a spray of ivy round a vase in the centre of the table, and after tea Charley took her hat and wreathed it round with other ivy. She sat for some time with her hat in her lap, and I observed Mr. Heron say something to her in a low tone of voice. She immediately broke off a leaf, and gave it to him, laughing all the time. I was much amused. It seemed so unlike his general behavior to ask for anything in the shape of a flower. I looked at Charley, fully expecting to see amusement depicted on his face also; but I saw an expression of anger, while his lip curled contemptuously.

It was a revelation to me. Could it be that Charley was in love with Flora? Why, he was a mere boy, and she was a woman! I whispered to him—Mr. Heron and Flora were at some little distance from us—

"I believe Mr. Heron is in love with Flora."

"He's a fool, and she a flirt!" he returned, in an angry, outspoken tone.

"Why, I think it would be a very good match for her!" I remarked. "It's a dreary thing for a woman to be obliged to work all her life."

"She needn't work," he retorted, and then stopped. After a little he added, "Even if she had to work, it would surely be better than to marry an old fossil like that."

"But perhaps she loves him, Charley."

"I don't believe a word of it."

Flora and Mr. Heron now came up, Flora shivering, and saying it was growing chilly; so we went indoors.

I was sincerely sorry for Charley, although I could not help laughing at the absurdity of his falling in love with Flora. Nineteen and twenty-three! Absurd! It would never do.

Time passed on, and Mr. Heron still continued his visits, which I could see were gall and wormwood to Charley. He ridiculed his gait, his manner, and all his little oddities, which was exceedingly foolish and boyish of him, and it gave Flora many opportunities of lecturing him.

It wanted about four days to the time when she must return to her duties at Sheldon. Flora, Charley and I had long planned an excursion to Bellarn Hill, where Flora meant to make a sketch. We decided on going while the weather was fine, as the day of her departure might come without our having attained our object. We set out, Flora making odious comparisons between the hillock, which we thought quite a toilsome ascent, and her grand Scotch mountains. At last we reached the summit; Flora began her sketch and I my book, while Charley devoted himself to our companion.

I had become quite absorbed in my reading, sitting in a cosy nook at some distance from the two, when I heard Charley exclaim—

"There's Mr. Herring on the road beneath; he is evidently going to our house, but he won't find what he seeks."

"I wish you wouldn't mispronounce his name, Charley," said Flora, looking down on the road; "it's very disrespectful of you."

"Disrespectful indeed! Do you care so much for him?" asked Charley.

"I am sure he has been very kind to me," said Flora.

"Kind!"

"What makes you echo my words? He has been kind."

"Do you know, Flora, I believe he is coming just now to propose to you."

Flora was silent; I thought it was quite time I came to the rescue.

"Flora—Charley," I called out, "do you know what o'clock it is? It's time we were home."

The walk home would have been a silent one, had I not chattered incessantly. I thought Flora must be pondering what she was going to say to Mr. Heron, and Charley's face was a study. When we arrived, we found papa and Mr. Heron on the lawn. After shaking hands, we were about to enter the house, when Mr. Heron said to Flora—

"Will you take a short walk with me, Miss Flora?"

Flora's look as she turned to me was like that of a lamb going to the slaughter, and I began for the first time to think she might possibly refuse him. Charley hurriedly disappeared indoors, and I saw no more of him that night. Flora came to me shortly afterwards with such an unreadable face that I really could not guess whether she had accepted Mr. Heron or not.

"Well," I inquired, "has he asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"Have you accepted him?"

"No."

"It would have been a good match, Flora."

"I am not afraid of work. He told me he thought I should make an excellent housekeeper, and he entertained me with the shortcomings of his present one. Unfortunately I am a little romantic, and believe that love is essential on both sides."

"It certainly is not your fault that he asked you."

"No; and I should scorn myself did I think that anything in my manner had encouraged him. But I am not surprised. You have all of late led me to suppose he meant to ask me to marry him."

Here Flora broke down and began to cry. I was surprised. She evidently did not care for the man, but did she cry because of his disappointment? I had never before seen tears in her eyes. I was puzzled.

Next morning it was known all over the household. Charley began to brighten up, and I was continually on the outlook for some indiscretion.

The day before Flora's departure we had tea on the lawn as usual, but no Mr. Heron was there. It seemed like the ghost of a former event when Charley again wreathed Flora's hat with ivy and begged her for a leaf.

"Do you know what it means?" she asked.

"No, I do not."

"It is a token of friendship—I will give you it as that."

"No, no!" he returned. "Give me a rose instead."

Flora laughed merrily, and Charley turned away with a flushed face.

The house was rather dull after Flora went back to school. Charley too was in town. But Flora and I corresponded constantly.

My mother was somewhat old-fashioned in her notions of a woman's duties and obligations in life, for she maintained that the education of any such was quite incomplete if she could not cook and sew, and if she did not know a great deal about household economy generally. I was therefore put through a course of practice in the several branches of domestic work.

After Charley's departure I came upon a great many scraps of poetry in his room, evidently original and displaying much fervency of feeling, and also an acrostic on Flora's name.

Time passed on till it was again midsummer. My mother had formed the project of once more having Flora and Charley at our house during the holidays. But, before they arrived, there had been rumors of some great engineering works that were to be undertaken, and Charley was proposed as one of the assistants. By the time Flora visited us the matter was settled, and Charley was to leave shortly.

Flora and Charley arrived the same day, Charley looking handsome and manly, and Flora—well, certainly not appearing older than my brother. As they stood together, my old feeling as to the disparity between them seemed to fade away. What her feelings were I could not guess, but his, I judged, were unchanged.

One day we three walked to Bellarn-woods. The sun was hot, and the road dusty; and, when we reached the green shade of the woods, the soft rippling sound of the stream, combined with a sense of fatigue, caused me to fall asleep. I do not know how long I may have remained so, but when I awoke, a feeling of rest made me sit still, with my head leaning against the trunk of a tree. Charley and Flora were talking softly near me.

"Flora," said the former, "will you give me no encouragement when I am going away for so long? If I had the certainty of your love, how it would cheer me!"

"I cannot," answered Flora. "Think of the difference between us."

"Oh, that is nothing!" broke in Charley. "Tell me just once—do you care for me, Flora?"

"I cannot—I cannot," repeated Flora.

"You are cruel! Imagine the pleasure it would be to have letters from you when I am far away; and yet you won't even promise to write to me."

"Charley," said Flora, in a low, grave voice, "you will one day marry some one younger and more suitable for you than I could ever be."

"Never—never!" exclaimed my brother. "I have always loved you, although you have only laughed at me, and treated me as a boy. Does that look like changefulness? My darling, will you not believe me, trust me?"

"Hush! Hush!" said Flora. "You will wake Alice."

I made a feint of waking, and called out, "Have I slept long? Is it time we were going?" And soon after we left the woods.

I believe Flora thenceforward avoided my brother. Mr. Heron once more made his appearance, but Charley was never jealous of him again, I think.

The time approached for Charley to depart, and the shadow of the coming "Farewell" deepened. At length the morning arrived—breakfast was eaten almost in silence. Mamma clung round Charley's neck, and then let him go, saying, "Heaven bless you, my boy!" Again and again he kissed us all round; but it was Flora he clasped last in his arms, embracing her passionately. Flora broke from him, sobbing, and ran away to her room.

After he had gone I went to find Flora. I opened softly the door of her chamber. She did not hear me. She was kneeling on the floor, with her head on a chair, and her hands were clasped over her eyes.

"Oh, my love—my love!" she cried. "I have sent him away without a word—a single word!"

I closed the door again, and hastened quietly away. When we assembled at luncheon Flora was the most cheerful of us all. I was amazed at her power of self-repression after what I had heard. We talked constantly of Charley after that; but I could not have guessed from anything in her manner that she thought of him otherwise than as an ordinary friend. One or two letters reached us from him while she was with us, and he always sent a message to her, and she one back to him. I hope that comforted them. Not long after this he who was to become my husband came upon the scene, and my thoughts were fully occupied.

Months passed on, and Flora was at my wedding as bridesmaid; Charley sent home presents and messages innumerable. How quickly time seemed to fly after this happy event! I had been married about three years when Flora came on a visit to me. During that long period she had been acquiring fame as an artist, and already her pictures brought good prices. My husband was from home at the time of her arrival, and Flora and I had many a chat about days gone by.

"Do you know, Flora," said I one morning, "in his last letter Charley talks of coming to England on a visit?"

"Does he indeed?" exclaimed Flora; and her face flushed.

"I shouldn't wonder," I went on, "if he takes back a wife."

"It is very likely," said Flora, softly; and her voice trembled slightly.

That afternoon's post brought me a letter from my brother; and, after I had read the first few lines, a feeling of faintness came over me.

"Have you received bad news?" asked Flora, starting up, while her face became deadly pale.

"Flora," I answered, "Charley writes that he is to be married shortly to a Miss Brooke he has met abroad."

I looked keenly at Flora. Her face became, if anything, paler; but there was no other sign of feeling. She was right. Charley had forgotten her.

* * * * * * * * *

Charley came home five or six years ago with his wife, a young, gentle creature; but I always feel that she should not hold that position.

Flora has all that can help to make her happy. She is surrounded by the society she loves best—men and women famous in art and literature; and, when she sighs for the delights of nature as a change, she retires to her beautiful cottage home among the hills and glens of her native country—bonny Scotland.

HEALTH MAXIMS.

The best three medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.

Whatever promotes a comfortable and harmless state of mind promotes health.

Men consume too much food and too little pure air; they take too much medicine and too little exercise.

Patent medicines are temporary in their effects; they alleviate or smother, instead of eradicating disease.

Every man owes it to society to become rich; for the poor man's advice is never heeded, let it be ever so valuable.

Very many diseases are laid at the door of "the weather." It is the want of weather which brings multitudes in our large cities to untimely graves.

In small quantities, and occasionally, many things may be eaten with advantage, which, if eaten continuously for weeks and months or in inordinate amounts, would occasion serious results.

Persons may outgrow disease and become heathly by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitutions. By moderate and daily exercise men may become strong in limb and muscle.

Pads and supporters are all pernicious, and worse than useless, because they teach the system to rely on them, and cannot support one part of the body without causing an unnatural strain on some other part, and to that extent tend to disease that part.

To all young persons, to the student, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life, without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children of a morning; it is a barbarity. Let them wake of themselves.

Speaking of changing the clothing, we consider it hazardous to lessen its amount after dressing in the morning, unless active exercise is taken immediately. No undergarments should be changed for lighter ones during the day ordinarily. The best, safest, and most convenient time for lessening the clothing is in the morning, when we first dress for the day.—*Dr. Hall.*

BUT few men comparatively have an opportunity to accumulate large fortunes; but, when men fail to lay by what is necessary for their comfort or independence, almost without exception it is owing to their calculations and management not being right. It is true there is a liability to illness, and to other overpowering causes; but it is not to such things that disastrous results, in the great majority of cases, can be attributed.

There is no Excuse

For a lady appearing in society with her face covered with freckles, tan, and other disfigurement which the skin is liable to, while they can obtain a harmless toilet preparation for effectually removing all such blemishes. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." You will be surprised and delighted with the effect it will produce. After using a short time it will leave the skin soft, smooth, clear, and radiant in beauty.

LOVE'S DEAR OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six,
Divide by four and nought remains;
So this is the year when Cupid gives
To dimpled hands, his golden chains!
But though lips jest, the tripping feet
Will bide within home's safe retreat;
For what lass would stray
From the path of Love's old-fashioned way?

When grandma was young, as she quaintly says,
"They used to court by the spinning wheel,
Or count the hours their sweethearts stayed,
By the rows of knots on the busy reel!"
And though wrinkled now, and grey and old,
Her heart to love has ne'er grown cold:
And she joys to-day
To talk of the dear, old-fashioned way.

Ah! the rosy cheeks and the laughing eyes,
Behind the window-panes will wait,
Giving Cupid warning that other hands
Than theirs must open the household gate;
The wheels are gone—girls do not spin—
But the lover that wooes is sure to win
A bride some day,
If he woo in Love's old-fashioned way.

Bright orange-blossoms and a wedding chime!
To each maiden's heart are sure to bring
A hint of the sweet and joyous time,
She, too, may wear love's precious ring;
A hint of the charm that is ever new,
When first the board is spread for two;
So she'll not say—"Nay,"
If wooed in Love's dear, old-fashioned way.

"OUR PEARL."

BY SUE J. JESSAMINE DICKSON.

"I wonder who she was, Aunt Minnie?"

I was standing in an old country churchyard, curiously regarding a small beautifully-kept grave, over which rose a pure white marble shaft, bearing the simple inscription, "Our Pearl."

I had come from the city to spend the summer months with Uncle Paul and Aunt Minnie Marvin; and this being my first visit to the country, I had been spending my time since the first arrival roaming from place to place, invariably accompanied by Aunt Minnie, who seemed to fear that I would run away if left to myself.

Though I called these two old people Uncle and Aunt, they were really no immediate relatives of mine, Aunt Minnie being only distantly related to a second cousin of papa's.

They had no children of their own, except one son, who was usually absent from home; and they had written to papa, begging him to send me down to Ellerslie, their country residence, to spend the summer. I was delighted with the idea, and papa and mamma consenting, I packed my trunk, and a week after the reception of their letter, I was at Ellerslie, warmly welcomed by both Uncle Paul and Aunt Minnie.

But to return. I had been wandering about from place to place all morning, and in the evening declared my intention to visit the churchyard, and thither I went, accompanied by Aunt Minnie, whose gentle face wore an unusually sad expression as we entered the neat enclosure, and when at length I paused by the marble shaft, bearing the inscription, "Our Pearl," I thought I heard a sigh escape her lips. Then when I said:

"I wonder who she was, Aunt Minnie?" a tear fell from her eyes, and glistened on the pure white marble.

"Was she a relative?" I asked; for I knew by Aunt Minnie's emotion that the still sleeper was in some way connected with her.

"She was our Pearl," was the low, tremulous answer.

"Why, Aunt Minnie, I never knew you and Uncle Paul had a daughter."

"We did not, dear; we only had our Pearl," she answered, her eyes bent tenderly on the gleaming marble; then looking up, and seeing the mystified expression of my face, she took my hand, saying:

"Sit here, Lily, while I tell you of our Pearl." And, with her arm about me, she drew me down by the flower-grown grave—the grave by which I have since spent so many hours, wreathing the flowers of spring about the glistening shaft.

Aunt Minnie was very quiet for some moments; but I waited patiently, knowing that she was contending with some deep emotion which the sight of this grave had revived.

At last she spoke in a voice that, for the moment, was full of pain.

"If I am slow about beginning my story, be patient with me, Lily, for memory is busy with my heart at this moment, and other scenes and other forms flit to and fro before my gaze."

"If it pains you to speak of her, Aunt Minnie—" I began, but she interrupted me with:

"No, no, Lily; I love to think and talk of our Pearl—our bright, beautiful darling!"

Aunt Minnie paused a moment; then, drawing me nearer to her, she began:

"One, dreary winter night, when St. Elmon"—St. Elmon was Aunt Minnie's son—"was about nine years old, a stranger came to Ellerslie, begging shelter for the night. She was a frail, travel-worn, yet beautiful girl, of some eighteen years. Her clothing was neat, but very thin, and we could not turn her out in the piercing cold, denying her the shelter she craved. So we opened our doors to the poor, wearied creature, giving her that which she so much needed—shelter, food and rest.

"That night she was taken ill, and a babe was born at Ellerslie. But scarce had the tiny creature beheld the light of three mornings when the poor young mother folded her pale hands in that sleep which knows no waking, and, accompanied by spirits invisible, entered into eternal rest.

"About a half an hour before she breathed her last, the physician came in, and as he took his departure, drew me aside to whisper:

"'She has not many moments to live.'

"When I went back to her, she turned her large, sad eyes on me, asking in her low, sweet voice:

"'What did he say?'

"I could not tell her she must die, so, turning my face from her, I answered:

"'He thinks your condition very critical.'

"'Ah! he thinks I must die, but you will not say so. Am I not right? Tell me, please, for I am not afraid to die,' she cried in a voice of such pleading earnestness that I could not deceive her; and gently as I could I repeated his exact words.

"She exhibited no emotion whatever, but remained perfectly quiet for some moments, then at last rousing herself, she again fixed her eyes on my face, saying:

"'You have been very kind to me, and I must not go hence without telling you upon whom your kindness has been bestowed.

"'My name is Maud Ellice, and I am utterly alone in the world, without friends or kindred. By the death of my father, who was a Methodist minister, I was left an orphan at the age of sixteen, with nothing but poverty for my heritage.

"'After poor papa's death, I had many hard struggles to earn an honest livelihood. But it is useless to tell you of the many severe trials through which I passed; so I will omit them and hasten to the end.

"'Something over a year ago I formed the acquaintance of one Harry Ellice. He professed deep love for me—a love which I warmly returned, and after a brief courtship, we were married, or, I thought we were.

"'I was very happy for a few months, then my dream of bliss was rudely—oh! so rudely—broken by the sudden disappearance of Harry—my Harry, whom I had so devotedly loved. They said he had deserted me, but I did not believe them; and when weeks wore away, and he did not return, I determined to search for him. I did, and have been seeking him ever since; but it was not until last week that I found him.' Here she paused, and a spasm of acute pain passed over her face, while great tears gathered in her large eyes.

"'So you found your husband, dear?' I asked after some moments silence.

"'Yes, I found my husband—found him, *living with another woman*, in a grand, beautiful home. I saw him kiss her white brow, and heard him call her tender names—such names as he used to call me. Yes, I saw it all; but I did not hate her, I only pitied her. I had no desire to destroy her bright dream, and crush her heart, as mine had been crushed; so I crept away only hoping and praying for death—only—'

"The sentence was never finished. A gasp checked her utterance, a grey shadow settled over her face, her little hands fluttered upwards, her eyelids quivered and closed, and the soul of Maud Ellice, winging its flight beyond suns, systems and uncreated radiance, entered, and found rest in the house of 'many mansions.'

"After we had consigned the poor young mother to her last resting-place, we began to ask ourselves what we should do with the helpless little creature so strangely cast upon our hands. I could not endure the idea of sending the poor babe away, for whenever I looked in the great shadowy dark eyes, it seemed as if they were silently pleading for my love and protection. Paul, too, seemed loth to part with the infant, and one evening as we were sitting together, I with the babe in my arms, I said to him:

"'Paul, we have only St. Elmon, and suppose we take this wee creature for our own?'

"He looked up quickly, saying:

"'Are you in earnest, Minnie?'

"'Yes, in earnest, Paul.'

"He came and bent over me, saying:

"'Then, be assured, wife, I shall not object.'

"Thus it was that the tender nursling became our own. We called her Pearl, because she was so fair, so sweet and delicate that the name seemed suited to her.

"So the weeks and the months went by, and our Pearl grew into a beautiful laughing creature, twining herself each day more firmly about our hearts, until I think we actually worshipped her. But I will pass over her childhood, and introduce her to you on the day when she had completed her eighteenth year.

"It was a dreary winter day. Without the snow lay piled in great white drifts, and the wind sobbed and moaned through the leafless trees like human voices. But within all was bright and cheerful, and the merry laugh went round as we three—Paul, Pearl and I—sat in front of the glowing grate, momentarily expecting the arrival of St. Elmon, whom we had not seen in four years, during which time he had been traveling in Europe.

"It has been a long time since then, and yet I remember so distinctly how our Pearl looked on that particular day, as she sat between Paul and me, arrayed in a robe of silvery grey, with her tawny-gold hair falling in rippling waves about her beautiful neck and shoulders. Her dark eyes sparkled like stars, smiles danced about her exquisite mouth, and a delicate rose color flushed her rounded cheeks.

"We had never told her aught of her parentage, but had taught her to call us Uncle and Aunt, and she did not know even then that she was not of our blood. Hers was a peculiarly sensitive temperament, and we knew a revelation of the real facts concerning her birth would mar her future happiness; so we let her live on in ignorance, happy in the knowledge that our darling believed herself bound to us by the ties of blood.

"Morning waned—evening came; and with it St. Elmon. Our Pearl was the last to greet him; and how well I remember her yet, as she came forward and laid her hand in his, with a certain air of shyness. I remember, too, the start of surprise he gave when his eyes fell on her lovely face—for she was but a child when he went away, and it seemed as if he expected to meet a child, instead of a full-grown, beautiful woman.

"'Why, mother, is this our Pearl, our little Pearl?' he cried, still holding her hands and keeping his eyes fixed on her face.

"'I believe in my soul, St. Elmon, you expected to find our Pearl still a child,' laughed his father.

"'Why, yes, I was dull enough to be expecting something of that kind?' he answered, as she withdrew her hand and glided into a seat.

"From that evening I detected a change in our darling, and my heart grew joyful. I saw the new lustre in her eye, the happy smile upon her lip, and the soft, rosy flush that glowed on her cheeks whenever St. Elmon was present. I saw it all, and knew its meaning. I fancied I could perceive a change in my son, for though usually silent, grave and very undemonstrative, his eyes appeared to glow with a new softness, and his manners were more engaging when she was present. Oh! if I had only known what was coming—if I had only known!"

Aunt Minnie paused for a moment, then, hastily brushing the gathered tears from her eyes, she continued:

"I was not mistaken; for they did love each other. I learned the truth one evening, when they both came to me, hand in hand, and kneeling at my feet, St. Elmon said:

"'We crave your blessing, mother.'

"I knew then that they were plighted, and I *did* bless them, while I wept for very joy; and Pearl—our beautiful Pearl, threw her arms about my neck and mingled her tears with mine.

"Paul, too, was rejoiced when he heard the glad tidings; and, taking our darling in his arms, he blessed her, and kissed her soft cheek.

"Oh, the memory of those happy days! But let me hasten on with my story.

"The months glided away, and the time set for their marriage was rapidly approaching, when one evening about dusk, as Pearl and I were sitting on the piazza, a man came through the gate, and walking with heavy, uncertain steps to where we were sitting, he suddenly reeled, and with a drunken oath sank at Pearl's feet.

"With a shrill scream she bounded away, and before I could even rise from my seat, she cried out in such a voice of agony, as I shall never forget:

"'Oh, God! Aunt Minnie, it is St. Elmon!'

"She was trembling violently, her eyes shown with an anguish no word can paint, and her face was white as the robe she wore.

"Scarcely crediting my own senses, I looked from the dark form on the floor, to the pale, trembling creature who stood before me like a stricken fawn.

"Stunned and stupefied, I at length managed to get Pearl to her room, where I laid her fainting upon her couch, and when at last I succeded in reviving her, she buried her white face in the pillows, and gave herself up to a violent fit of weeping.

"Poor child, her idol had been rudely shattered!

"When I could leave her I went back to the piazza, but St. Elmon's father, who had been called from the library by Pearl's screams, had taken him off to his room; and with a sharp, keen pain at my heart, I sat down and buried my face in my hands.

"I was mystified, I could not understand it, for never before had I known St. Elmon to be in his present condition. But then, I knew comparatively little of my son's habits, for he had been away at a distant college since his fourteenth year, seldom even spending his vacations at home; and immediately after graduating he had gone to Europe, where he had been for the last four years. Therefore, how was it possible for me to know what habits he had formed? My heart ached keenly, for St. Elmon had always been my particular pride, and it wrung my very soul with anguish to think of him being in his present disgraceful condition.

"And poor Pearl! I knew but too well what she was suffering, for never before or since have I met a person upon whom the sight of an intoxicated man had the strange effect that it did upon her. An awful terror seemed to seize upon her heart, and her soul, as it were, shrank away with an unconquerable horror.

"Unable to sleep I walked my room floor through that long, long night, despite my husband's entreaties to lie down and rest—walked, and thought of Pearl and St. Elmon.

"Early in the morning, ere the sun had cast its rosy hue over the eastern sky, I left my room and sought the garden, for I felt that I should suffocate if I did not get the fresh air.

"When I reached the garden I found our Pearl there, even at that early hour, walking up and down, with her hands clasped to her bosom, and the tears glistening on her pale cheeks.

"Coming to meet me, she laid her head upon my bosom, crying out,—

"'Oh Aunt Minnie, Aunt Minnie!'

"'My poor, wounded Pearl!' I cried, holding her to my heart.

"'Aunt Minnie pity me, oh pity me! God knows how I love him, but our betrothal *must* be broken, for I can *never* be the wife of a drunkard!' Then, before I could reply, she broke from my arms and fled to the house.

"It was late that morning before St. Elmon made his appearance. We were all at the breakfast table, Pearl sitting on my right, looking like a wan, pale lilly, when he entered and took his seat in moody silence, without even glancing at her.

"A few moments passed and she arose to leave the room. To reach the door she had to pass him, and without looking up, he caught her hand, saying almost sternly:

"'Wait for me a moment, Pearl.' Then hastily swallowing a cup of tea he arose, and still clasping her hand, accompanied her from the room. I saw her shiver and shrink away. He felt it, and I fancied I saw a look of pain leap into his eyes.

"A few moments afterward, when I went into the morning parlor, I saw them on the balcony. She sat pale, trembling and tearful, and he was kneeling at her feet with her little hand crushed up in his own. He was speaking in a low, earnest, pleading voice; I could not hear his words, but I saw that the look of speechless agony in her eyes was reflected in his.

"When he ceased speaking she bent forward and kissed his brow, while his arm encircled her slender form. For a moment she lay against his bosom, like a bruised flower, then, with such a cry of hopeless misery as I shall never forget, she broke from his arms and fled away.

"What passed between them I knew not then, and I kow not even to this day, but from that hour our darling began to droop. And St. Elmon, oh what a terrible change came over him! Stern, settled and gloomy, he wandered from place to place like a disquiet spirit, scowling upon everything and everybody, save our Pearl. To her he was always most gentle, and there was something wonderfully beautiful in the great tenderness which he exhibited toward her, a tenderness which she received at first in a timid and shrinking manner, then with tears of gratitude.

"Day by day we watched her, Paul and I—watched her with aching hearts, for we knew by the fading eye, wan cheek, and languid step, that she was slowly but surely dying.

"The bethrothal was never again mentioned, for it seemed that none of us could bring ourselves to speak of it. So the time for the marriage came and went, but no one alluded to it, for, as we looked at our Pearl, we felt that the time was not far distant when she would indeed be a bride—the white-robed bride of Death.

"It was a sweet spring evening when the end came. The trailing banners of sunset were trembling in the tree-tops, as she lay with her head resting on St. Elmon's bosom, and his tear-wet cheek pressed against her white face. She had been very quiet for some time, sleeping, we thought, but suddenly opening her soft eyes, she fixed them on his face, saying:

"'St. Elmon, you will tell Uncle Paul and Aunt Minnie?'

"'Yes, darling, some time,' he faltered."

"Her arm stole about his neck, her lips were pressed to his for a moment, then the shadowy eyes closed—all again was silent—and gently as a summer sigh, the spirit of our Pearl passed into eternal rest.

"Fifteen years have come and gone since that spring evening, but St. Elmon has never yet fulfilled our darling's dying request; neither has he spent one year at Ellerslie since we laid her to rest."

There were tears in Aunt Minnie's eyes when she ceased speaking, and I too was weeping softly.

We were very silent as we walked back to Ellerslie, for we were both busy with our own thoughts.

After this I visited Pearl's grave often, and one evening as I rose to leave, after having spent some hours there, thinking of Pearl and St. Elmon, I was startled to see just behind me, a tall, powerful man, with a grandly handsome face; a face in which there was something so gloomy, so stern, and yet so wonderfully pathetic, that I was almost moved to tears, and in a vague, unconscious way my heart went out to him.

His dark, weary looking eyes were resting on Pearl's grave; but, as I gave a slight start on seeing him, he came forward, saying with a smile of mournful sweetness:

"Pray do not let me disturb you, I will leave immediately."

"No, no," I replied, "I must go myself, for Aunt Minnie and Uncle Paul will be uneasy."

"Aunt Minnie and Uncle Paul!" repeated his low, rich voice. "Then you are Miss Marie?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering how he knew my name; but his next words enlightened me.

"And I am the St. Elmon whom you have no doubt heard my mother mention."

"Oh!" I breathed, staring hard at him, and wondering if I had heard aright. Then, suddenly becoming conscious of my rudeness, I turned my eyes from his face, saying:

"You have come very unexpectedly, Mr. Marvin."

"Yes, when I come to Ellerslie, it is always when no one is expecting me."

The wonderful music of his voice struck sadly on my ear, and again glancing at his face, I thought I saw tears in his great, dark mesmeric eyes.

Moving away from Pearl's grave, I wandered about for a few moments, then finding myself unobserved, I slipped through the gate, directing my steps toward Ellerslie. Looking back after I had gone some distance, I saw him kneeling by the grave with his head resting against the shaft.

When I reached Ellerslie, Aunt Minnie met me, saying:

"Lily, St. Elmon has come."

"Yes," I answered, "I met him at her grave."

"He always goes there the first place," she replied, brushing the tears from her eyes. During the first day or two I did not see much of St. Elmon, for he shut himself in his room, only making his appearance at meal time. But after this he would come to the parlor occasionally, and sometimes even accompany me in my rambles.

At first, I was inclined to be afraid of him, but his quiet, brotherly manner soon reassured me, and I grew to love his society, and feel lonely when he was absent.

Aunt Minnie said to me one day, several weeks after his arrival: "Lily, is it only my fancy, or is St. Elmon growing more cheerful?"

I do not remember what I answered, but I know I watched him afterwards, and I fancied that the sternness was fading from his face, and that he did not look so sad as when he first came, though I noticed that he visited Pearl's grave each day.

Summer waned, September came, and I was preparing to return to my city home. Everything was ready for my departure on the morrow, and I went to take a farewell look at Pearl's grave—went with an aching heart and tearful eyes, for all unconsciously I had learned to love the sombre-browed, future master of Ellerslie, but the tender secret was fast locked in my own heart; and if the thought of the coming separation brought bitter tears to my eyes, no one knew it.

I was kneeling by her grave, with my head bowed on the marble shaft, vaguely wondering if I would not die as she had died, and be laid to rest under the flowers, when my reverie was cut short by the light fall of a hand on my shoulder; and glancing up hastily, I looked in the dark mesmeric eyes of St. Elmon. There was an expression on his face that I could not comprehend, it was so strange and new, and I trembled a little as he knelt by my side.

"We were both very still for some moments, then he took my hand, saying: "Lily, you must not leave Ellerslie."

It was the first time he had ever called me Lily, and my heart throbbed strangely as I turned my face from him, saying: "I *must* leave, for papa has written for me."

"Then it must be, but to come again."

"I will come again next summer," I answered in a confused manner.

"Lily! Lily! you don't understand me at all! Darling, I love you!"

His arms were about me, and his face was lying against my own.

"No! no!" I cried struggling for freedom, and pointing to Pearl's grave. "You love her, St. Elmon—you love her!"

A shadow of exquisite sadness settled over his face, and putting me from him, he asked in a thrilling mournful voice: "Has mother told you?"

"All she knew."

"Then let me tell you the rest."

He was silent for a moment, then with his arms folded over his chest and his head leaning against the shaft, he spoke:

"While spending a vacation with some of my college chums, in the city of R——, I formed the acquaintance of one of the most beautiful women I ever saw.

"Young and impulsive, I fell passionately in love with her, and though she was some years my senior, I persuaded her into a marriage, which was to remain a secret until my education was completed.

"I went back to college, some months passed, and then came the news that Agnes had eloped with another man. I will not tire you with an account of all that followed.

"Two years afterwards, news of her death came to me, and I actually hailed the tidings with joy, for the boyish love I gave her had long since died out.

"My education finished, I traveled four years in Europe, returned and became the promised husband of as pure a being as was ever fashioned by the hand of the Creator.

"Within three months of our marriage day, while in the city I came face to face with the woman whom I had thought dead; and a more depraved looking creature I never saw. Her beauty had faded, she was but a wreck of her former self, and I shrank from her with disgust and loathing.

"She had heard of my approaching marriage; and now threatened to declare herself my wife. Almost frenzied lest she should reveal the disgraceful alliance, I persuaded her that the report was false, and by means of bribes, managed to rid myself of her for a time.

"When I returned to Ellerslie, it was in a most disgraceful condition—a condition I had never been in before, for until that day, intoxicating liquors had never passed my lips.

"To Pearl—and Pearl alone—did I reveal the true state of affairs; and none, save the Omnipotent, knows what I suffered, as I saw her droop and fade away.

"After we had laid her here to rest, I took the woman off to Europe, purchased her a home, and left her sole mistress of it, while I traveled from place to place.

"One year ago she died; and, Lily, I am now a free man. Years ago, I loved Pearl—I love her to-day, and shall love her as long as I live—but, Lily Marie, I love you, too, and you alone can remove the shadow from my life. Darling, will you come to me?"

"Yes, St. Elmon," I whispered, gliding into his outstretched arms, and resting my cheek on his bosom.

* * * * * * * *

Years have passed away since, beside Pearl's grave, I gave myself to St. Elmon; and my own little Pearl is now nine years old. We are living with Aunt Minnie and Uncle Paul at Ellerslie, and are all very happy.

Every spring St. Elmon gathers the first flowers that bloom, and I always know that he is going to wreath them over the marble shaft bearing the inscription, "OUR PEARL," for he loves her yet—and always will. But I am not envious, for I know that he loves his Lily, also.

HOPE AND COURAGE.

True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to particular objects; and if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician. To seek to govern men by their fears and their wants, is an unworthy purpose; the desire to rule by means of cowardice is of itself cowardice. Love inspires courage and hope, and this is doubly the giver and preserver of life. Whatever teaches us boldly to combat the manifold evils and assaults of life, enables us to win the crown of victory. Special care, therefore, ought to be taken in education to teach what true courage is, as well in social and domestic as in public affairs—and by what means it may be best sustained.

WHATEVER we do, and whatever we use, we cannot be in the wrong to have thought in the present and consideration for the future—to have a just estimate of values and a due regard for proportion—to love wisdom better than folly, and to prefer moderation to excess.

No one who has once tried DOBBIN'S ELECTRIC SOAP, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,) fails to see its wonderful economy. Ask your grocer to get it and give it a trial.

WHAT SHALL I TAKE!

This is often a serious question with the invalid. He finds the market flooded with proprietary medicines, scores of which are recommended as certain cures for his peculiar ailment. He reads the papers, circulars, and almanacs, and finds each sustained by plausible arguments setting forth its virtues and specific action. The recommendations are as strong for one as for another. The cures claimed to have been wrought by one are as wonderful as those claimed to have been wrought by another. In his perplexity and doubt, the sufferer is sometimes led to reject all. But it should be borne in mind that this condition of things is one that cannot be remedied. In a land where all are free, the good—the truly valuable—must come into competition with the vile and worthless, and must be brought to public notice by the same instrumentality, which is *advertising*. In such a case, perhaps the only absolute proof that a remedy is what it claims to be, is to try it. The "test of a pudding is the eating of it." "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," is the apostolic injunction. There may, however, be stronger presumptive evidence in favor of one remedy than there is in favor of another, and this should be allowed its due weight. A due regard to this may save a vast amount of experimenting and a useless outlay of money. As presumptive evidence in favor of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, the Proprietor desires to say that they are prepared by a new and scientific process by which the virtues of the crude plants and roots are extracted without the use of a particle of alcohol. Not a particle of this destroyer of our race enters into the composition of either his Golden Medical Discovery or Favorite Prescription. This consideration alone ought certainly to rank them high above the vile compounds saturated with alcohol, Jamaica rum, sour beer, or vinegar, which are everywhere offered for sale. Again, they are of uniform strength, and their virtues can never be impaired by age. They are also made from fresh herbs and roots, gathered in their appropriate season, when they are flush with medicinal properties. In support of these claims, the following testimony is offered:

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.: NEWARK, N. J.

Dear Sir:—I have sold a great deal of your excellent remedies, and I prefer to sell them before others, because they give good satisfaction to those who use them. I hear such remarks as "Sage's Remedy completely cured me; it is a splendid thing!" or "Pierce's Discovery is just what I wanted; I feel better than I ever did." One of our celebrated singers uses it for strengthening her voice, and says "there is nothing equals it;" and so I might give scores of remarks said about your preparations. A colored woman was using your Discovery, and after taking three bottles was completely cured. She, being in the store, said to me, "I don't want no doctors 'round me so long as I can get the Discovery; it beats all your doctors." And so I might go on.

I am, most respectfully, yours,
ATHA E. CROOKS.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A BUNION REMEDY.—Use pulverized saltpetre and sweet oil; obtain at the druggists five cents' worth of saltpetre; put into a bottle with sufficient olive oil to nearly dissolve it; shake up well, and rub the inflamed joints night and morning, and more frequently, if painful. This is a well-tried remedy.

VELVET CREAM.—Three pints of cream, the whites of six eggs, a half box of gelatine. Flavor and sweeten the cream to taste; then beat to a stiff froth; dissolve the gelatine in a teacupful of hot water, and when the gelatine is milk warm, add the cream and egg alternately, stirring it until smooth; line the mold with sponge-cake and pour in the mixture.

ORANGE CUSTARD.—The juice of six oranges strained and sweetened with loaf sugar; stir over a slow fire till the sugar is dissolved, take off the scum; when nearly cold add the yolks of six eggs, well beaten, and a pint of cream or milk. Return to the fire and stir till it thickens, pour into glasses and stir when cold.

LEMON PIE.—One cup boiling water, one tablespoonful corn starch, one cup sugar, juice and grated rind of one lemon, butter size of an egg; take this from the stove and add one egg well beaten. To be made with an upper crust.

THE SUN CHOLERA REMEDY.—The hot season revives the necessity of having at hand a good cholera mixture, and none has been proved more effective than the one published years ago by the New York Sun. This consists of equal parts of tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, peppermint and camphor. It is a remedy for summer complaint, diarrhœa, cramps in the bowels and similar ailments, and affords almost instant relief. The dose is from three to ten drops for a child, according to age, and ten to thirty drops for an adult, according to the severity of the attack.

LOCK-JAW.—A simple and most effective remedy is tobacco. Pull off, from an ordinary plug, a quantity that will spread over the surface of your palm, wet it and lay it on the stomach of the sufferer. This produces almost immediate nausea, and a relaxation of the muscles, and no case has been known to be fatal where it has been used.

SLICED TOMATO PICKLES.—To one gallon of sliced tomatoes that are just turning white, and have been scalded in salt and water sufficient to make them a little tender, mix a tablespoonful of ground pepper, one of mace, one of cloves, one of ground mustard, one of cinnamon, four of white mustard seed, two of celery seed or celery salt, one pod of green peppers, four onions chopped fine, half pint grated horse radish. Mix all together, and put a layer of each alternately; add one pound of sugar, and cover with vinegar.

CURRANT JELLY.—This jelly should be made as near as practicable to the 4th of July, as the fruit is ripe at that time. Strip the currants off the stems and bruise them thoroughly; put them on the fire to heat, and when at a boiling heat strain them: to a pint of the juice allow a pound of loaf sugar; put the juice on the fire, and when it boils add the sugar. When it begins to boil again let it boil just fifteen minutes.

QUICK PRESCRIPTIONS.—Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these short rules for action in case of accident. For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing; dash cold water in them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead-pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress it below. If choked, go upon all fours and cough. For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

TO MAKE LEMON SYRUP.—Press your hand on the lemon, and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily; then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into a tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give it a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peels and boil in water—a pint for a dozen pulps—to extract the acid. A few minutes boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemon, put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water, and you have a cooling, healthful drink.

OTTO OF ROSES.—Ladies who like otto of roses as a perfume can make it in any reasonable quantity desired at an almost nominal expense, by saving up the rose-leaves which fall so plentifully at this season of the year. Take a two-gallon glass jar and fill full of clean, freshly-picked rose-leaves. Then cork it tight, and take a two-ounce vial, and fit the neck into the cork of the two-gallon jar. Cut some sponge into narrow strips; soak them in good oil, free from smell or rancidity; put the strips into the small vial, turn it upside down, and put the neck into the bung of the large jar. Place them in the sun four days, and the heat will distill the rose-leaves, and the aroma will ascend and saturate the oil in the sponge. Put in fresh leaves about four times, and you will have a small vial of the finest otto of roses that can be made. Be sure and keep it well corked, as it evaporates very easily. A great saving can be made in this way, since pure otto of roses costs thirty dollars.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

MATS AND PICTURE FRAMES.—Get a square wooden frame, beg n with the middle of each outer edge, and cut a notch; then on each side of those cut notches about an inch apart to the ends or corner of the inside square is better. Then take fine wools that you buy at the stores; suit yourself about the variety of colors, and wind about six threads of each from one notch on one side to the opposite notch on the other side, and tie the ends. Fill up the notches, then wind from notch to notch of the other sides. It will look then like two sets of parallel lines crossing each other at right angles. Take good strong thread, and begin with one of the corner crosses, and tie the yarn securely together, then pass on to the next, on the side row, but do not cut the thread till you get the last one in that row tied. Tie the other rows in the same way, then lay your frame down and cut through all the threads but about four cotton threads and the thread with which you tied it, between the ties, then it will appear like little balls. Cut both ways across the frame, and keep the same four threads uncut. Cut through the middle of all the loops round each side of the frame, then your mat is done. This is for table mat. The frame does not need to be over a foot square.

Picture frame.—Take two squares of paper, pin them together so they will make a figure with eight points, then mark out on good stiff pasteboard and cut. Then lay your picture and glass on this and fasten securely, so they will not slip. Then take good stout thread, dark-colored, and wind round two points to about six threads; then bring it round the second point, and wind round the second and third points, and proceed till you get the pasteboard all covered. Put bows on the points, and a cord to your frame and hang it up.—*Hilarie.*

Creme de la Creme.—"A Skin of BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER."—Every woman should be beautiful, just as every man should be dutiful. But no woman, however elegantly formed or splendidly developed, can be beautiful unless her "human face divine" is free from all spot or blemish. And this is the case with very few women. A clear, brilliant, transparent complexion is the rarest thing in the world, and the most desirable. But there is now, since Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD invented his ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER, no reason why any lady should not have a complexion as clear and bright as crystal. No such certain preventive against freckles, tan, pimples, discoloration, and every other species of facial disfigurement, was ever dreamed of. Its beautifying effect is immediate. Dr. GOURAUD has thousand of testimonials to this effect, many of them from distinguished artists, and many from the celebrated belles in the country, so that now the ORIENTAL CREAM has become an invaluable and, in fact, indispensable article of every lady's toilet. And, for that matter, *no gentleman's toilet should be without it*; for why should not a gentleman have a clear, pure pellucid complexion as well as a lady, especially as all the ladies will adore him for it. Now, if hereafter any lady or gentleman submits to be defaced by pimples, tan, freckles, etc., it must be attributed to ignorance of the magical effects, in all such cases, of DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM. In presenting the world with the ORIENTAL CREAM, Dr. GOURAUD feels that he has done something toward carrying out the great and beneficent schemes of Nature. Dr. GOURAUD'S Depot is at 48 Bond street where hosts of fashionable ladies congregate and discuss the wonders of his ORIENTAL CREAM.

The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia
Founded Aug 4th A.D. 1821

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
With Premiums.
For **$3.00,** the Post one year, 8 Centennial Medallions and Mounted Chromo
For **$2.50,** the Post one year and 6 Centennial Medallions or Mounted Chromo.
For **$1.25,** the Post 6 months and 2 Centennial Medallions or Unmounted Chromo.
For **75 Cents,** the Post 3 months and one Centennial Medallion.

Without Premiums.
For $2.00, the Post for One Year.
For $1.00, the Post six months.

CLUB RATES:
Four Copies, one year, $7.00.
Six Copies, one year, $10.00.
Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.
Twenty Copies, one year, $25.00.
An extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.
Subscriptions can begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.
In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
Payable in advance.
Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion.
Special Notices, 75 cents per line.
Reading Notices, $1.00 per line.
Address all orders and make all drafts payable to

BENNETT & FITCH,
726 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Saturday Evening, August 5, 1876.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

Each number of the Saturday Evening Post *is duly copyrighted, but all are welcome to freely republish any articles in its columns, provided that due credit be given to this paper.*

TYPE FOR SALE.

The font of brevier type, about 750 pounds, on which this paper is printed, is offered for sale cheap. For particulars address the publishers.

SUMMER JOURNEYING.

In these latter days, at the season when cotton umbrellas and red silk bandannas fail; when brick and mortar is parched with thirst, the sprinkling carts are bankrupt and modern floods below par; when the melody of the mosquito and organ-grinder becomes monotonous; when cobblers and cucumbers cease to avail, it is considered the proper thing to go somewhere.

So taking some other man's umbrella, we go where we can drink the cobblers of somebody else and listen to fairer and hungrier mosquitoes.

The name of the benefactor who suggested to the dwellers of town the propriety of migrating during the dog-days, like that of the inventor of sleep, has unfortunately been lost.

So are the great forgotten.

It is probable that this genius went fishing, enjoyed the sensation, the world followed, and thus grew the yearly tour. Be that as it may, the favorite occupation of the tourist nowadays is fishing.

The varied and wondrous tackle is collected and packed in the big Saratoga trunks, indulgent papas furnish the golden bait, and away to the Springs, the mountains and sea-shore whirl the fair-faced "fishers of men."

What though the roads are in a bad condition; the rails loose and broken; the spikes sticking up to embrace the cow-catcher; the bridges rough and rickety, dame Fashion leads the van and her votaries must follow.

The hotels may not be so airy as expected, nor the linen so clean, and occasionally we may be compelled to interview some importunate bed-bug; but, no matter, we are in the country, enjoying the fresh country air and the dust, and the mosquitoes and snakes, and that's what we left town for.

"NO QUESTIONS ASKED."

These words almost daily appear conspicuously in advertisements seeking to reclaim lost property, a reward, also, being offered to induce its return to the owner. They virtually, but not virtuously promise that the purloiner shall be protected from the law, and rewarded for his expert dishonesty. Thus the victim, for his own gain, enters into partnership with the thief who stole for gain, both with the same motive conspiring against the safety of the community.

No wonder villainy thrives and burglary has become a regular profession when rogues so easily secure the partners they most need, respectable, responsible men who can give them immunity in crime.

The temptation to follow this course is indeed great when a large amount is at stake, especially in view of the sluggish indifference of the authorities; so was the temptation of the thief, but in neither case is that a justification. In fact, the greater the loss, the more urgent the reason why the plunderer should be captured and brought to justice, that the community may be protected from his depredations.

The author of such advertisement should be subject to arrest and punishment as *particeps criminis,* for thus offering to compound a felony. Community could better afford to make good losses by theft, than permit such encouragement of felons. Indeed it is worthy of consideration whether the thief-takers, prosecutors and all whose duty it is to protect society, and who are well paid for it, ought not to contribute largely to make up such losses. They result largely from official inefficiency and culpable neglect. If the rule were "catch the thief, or help to pay for what he stole," detectives would not, as now, need the stimulus of a large reward to induce them to do their duty. Too often they act as mere "go-betweens" to make an arrangement between the thief and his victim for a return of part of the plunder and "no questions asked."

NEEDLES AND PINS.

We were taking a lunch at the Centennial grounds, and viewing the most interesting specimens exhibited there, which are the people who come to see the Exhibition. The first glance at a couple sitting near, failed to clearly show their relation. They were brother and sister, perhaps, as their faces bore some resemblance; or, it might be, engaged lovers, as his bearing seemed to show an unanxious sense of security, while he was yet most attentive to the comfort of his partner, and she received the attentions as though they were rightfully bestowed. Presently she spoke and the question was solved: "I never *saw* such a man as *you* are!" "Why?" quietly asked her partner. "Because you never had anything yet, but what you afterwards wished you had something else." Married, of course.

Here was a fine opening for an "improvement of the occasion." He was evidently tempted to retort "Everything promises better than it performs," to which the answer would have been ready "Including your wife, I suppose," and so on to the end of the familiar chapter. But he wisely sat on in silence and the nettle soon ceased to prickle.

Is it one of the elements of satisfaction in married life that the parties thereby secure an object on whom they may safely vent their impatience and spleen? Doubtless there is a kind of enjoyment in "freeing one's mind." Explosives seem to take pleasure in letting themselves out. A thunder cloud is restless until it can discharge its wrath, though it often weeps in reaction.

Whatever may be the philosophy, the fact is plain that married people say unpleasant things to each other which they would not say to persons in whom they have no interest, and although they will bear more from each other than from any one else, as indeed they should, yet constant nettling and stinging too often end in chronic inflammation, and the greater part of married misery begins at these sharp points.

The observance of a simple and not difficult rule will be of incalculable service in smoothing the voyage of matrimony. Be as courteous and considerate as before marriage; prolong courtship through life; then the honeymoon, which shed such entrancing lustre when the hymeneal vessel first swung out from its moorings, will ever gladden the way.

THOUGHTS.

Thoughts suggest thoughts, and these thoughts other thoughts, *ad infinitum.*

Thoughts are invisible and mute until they are clothed in language, or embodied in works; then they can be both seen and heard. Without thoughts to direct the orator's speech, the author's pen or the artist's hand, no work could be accomplished, the world would become a dreary waste and man would soon be annihilated.

Thoughts are like diamonds,—they sparkle, no matter how rough and uncouth their setting; and like diamonds, too, they are valued for their brilliancy, and the more highly they are polished the better they shine.

Thoughts belong to their originator until set free and scattered; then they become public property and can never be collected together again as at first. The only way to keep your thoughts is not to divulge them—not even as a secret!

Thoughts unexpressed, however, whilst they do no harm, do no good. Like a candle hid under a bushel, they burn, but shed no light. Therefore, it is best to divulge your good thoughts; but let your impure and evil ones (if any such you have!) ever remain in solitary confinement and silence, that they may be smothered and become extinct.

Caution.—It may not be generally known that Artemus Ward patented himself so that imitators are liable to prosecution by his heirs. So far, however, they are not in danger, as no one has discovered in them any likeness to the original.

Desirable Invention.—An ingenious Yankee is at work upon a "sound-transmutator" to be attached to the ears (if long enough), by which noises of all kinds may be reduced to harmony. He expects a large demand from husbands of exasperatious wives, from attendants at political conventions and neighborhoods where street bands and cats abound.

A Struggle of Love.—A little three year old friend of ours, being invited to go on a visit with her aunt, who was about returning home, hesitated for some time between her desire to go and her unwillingness to leave her mother. Presently she exclaimed: "I wish we had a twin!"

"What kind of a twin?" asked her mother.

"Oh, a little girl, just exactly like me."

"Why do you wish that?"

"'Cause, then one of us could stay with mamma, and one could go with auntie."

"Which one would you leave with mamma?"

"I guess I'd leave the twin," was the naive reply.

MY BRIDE OF THE SEA.

BY JAMES ELBERT POWELL.

I.

A mellow morn of a mellow May,
A day all gold and glimmer.
Flung o'er the face of the Southern sea
A wealth of sheen and shimmer.
And the south wind rose from a sylvan bed,
To greet the double dawning—
As the sun bent down and kissed the day,
And kissed my young life's morning:
And the sun-leaves fell on the oaken floor,
And fell on the green sward's cover,
And tangled gold threads in the white sea fringe,
And danced o'er the red-tipped clover.

II.

The world rolled o'er and the years rolled on.
There came a day of loving—
There came a soft, sweet summer's glow,
My young heart's passion proving.
There came a maid by this south sea,—
Robed 'round her love's caresses—
Her brow burnt brown by the southern sun,
And brown her southern tresses.
Her voice, full-tuned as a rippling stream,
That o'er rare jewels rushes;
Her mouth, a home for rose and pearl,
Her cheeks all bloom and blushes.
And there, 'twixt wood and sky and sea,
Our spirits fell to wooing—
While the night wind tossed the hollow main,
The weird sea dirges suing.

III.

The world rolled o'er and the years rolled on;
We fondled love's endeavor—
For the years may come and the years may go,
But love goes on forever!
We played with the hair of the hoary sea,
And the waves lay down and listened;
And the moon crept back behind the pines,
Ere the first-born star had glistened.
The sun swept up past the sleeping stars,
A mass of flashing treasure,
And the fretted flow of the fitful tide
Danced to a golden measure.
And there in the clasp of the hoary sea,
'Neath the sunshine's purest glory,
My bride lay down to wed the tide,
Nor left me song nor story.
Her face upturned to kiss the sun,
The foam with her tresses blended—
And the light that flushed my life begun,
Shone o'er her young life ended!

IV.

The world rolled o'er and the years rolled on,
Nor stayed my life-grief ever—
For the years may come and the years may go,
But love goes on forever!

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

There are some curious specimens of native skill, unaided by the appliances of modern art, displayed among the Indian exhibit in the United States Government building. Among the larger and prominent articles is a

DUG OUT

from Vancouver's Island. This is made from one immense log 60 feet long, and 8 feet beam. The shape reminds one of the ancient galleys; having the high prow, and, albeit of a rude kind a great deal of ornamentation. All along the inside are outlined in red, blue, yellow and black, grotesque heads with the round eyes and impossible noses and mouths of a schoolboy's first caricature of his teachers. On the outside is a sort of rough arabesque of various colors.

Not far away is a case of wooden ware and pottery, for the most part from Mexico, near San Blas. One jar of a really beautiful form, is of a reddish russet ground, with leaves and interlacing twigs of graceful design, applied in silver foil. This is a noticeable piece of ware; interesting from the strong resemblance it bears to Egyptian, and also ancient Roman pottery. Other and coarser specimens are to be seen.

A case of hideous masks and toys, next meets our regard. Among the former, although negligence is the leading characteristic of most, the diversity of expression and feature delineated, displays no little degree of intelligence and fancy upon the part of the makers. The curious student may find here types of almost all nations. The high cheek-bones and prominent features of the red man; the flattened countenance of the African; the high, intellectual forehead and straight nose of the Caucasian race are all depicted. To us, these odd carvings of our uneducated savage people are wonderfully suggestive, and hint of traditions handed down from generations who were possessed of a higher degree of civilization, of whom we have no historical record.

Silver bracelets and nicely graven rings made by the Haidah Indians of Queen Charlotte's Island are shown.

THE PLAYING CARDS

of several tribes are exhibited. All bear the same distinctive feature, with a difference in embellishment. All are of *dressed skin,* resembling parchment, and are cut into much the same form as our cards and sorted into packs, with different tints composing them. Some have round moon-like designs; others have fishes, branches of human and beast figures, or a bow and arrows upon them. Those of the Apache Indians struck us as being of most complete design.

There are pipes of all kinds, of course, since the "noble savage," imitative of his more advanced white brother, finds no panacea so sure of effect to calm his lofty spirit in case the chase prove unsuccessful or domestic sharpshooting in the female portion of his houshold be unusually brisk and ear-piercing. Here we see the small bowl meant for opium or other narcotics used in smoking; here the large and profusely ornamented calumets used in the treacherous peace councils. The one of this latter class used at the council of Red Cloud, has caballistic signs along its red handle; while ribbons, many-colored feathers, beads, etc., decorate its long reed stem.

Among the odd things is shown a

WOMAN'S WATERPROOF GARMENT,

consisting of cloak and head-covering, made from the intestines of the sea lion. It is bright yellow in color, very light in texture, and resembles oil-silk without the glazed appearance of that fabric.

There are three immense

PILLARS OF CARVED WOOD,

also, Indian work; hollow on the inside and glittering with crude coloring on the outer side. Curious indeed as to design and exciting our wonder over the time that must have been consumed in making them, by aid only of such rough tools of stone, or dull iron, as may have fallen by chance into the hands of the rude artists.

Again we find the grinning, grotesque heads, the unnatural, or to say the least, the ungraceful attitudes of the figures. These pillars reach from floor to ceiling, and are composed of alternate beast and human forms. The latter are seated upon the crouching monsters, who hold in their enormous mouths alligators, dragoons, etc., or what seem to be intended for such. They are the work of the Haidah and Puget Sound Indians.

We may not omit the mention of very fine negatives on glass of Indian groups, and the romantic scenery of the picturesque country, known to us as the "Far West," which are exhibited by the Commissioners of this department.

There are many specimens of native dress in different skins, tanned and also simply dressed with the hair or fur on; also, the usual embroidery in beads and quill-strippings.

We have called attention to the details of this exhibit, because it bears to us a marked significance. Comparing by the means thus afforded us, the progress of the Indian in civilization, with other savage nations, his advancement is so slow, when the years of opportunity given him are also considered, that there seems but little to anticipate in his future, but a total decline of race, until at last he will become only a memory.

Among the exhibits in this very interesting building, we are attracted to a fine working model of the machinery used in the manufacture of the

HITCHCOCK GUN,

a species of rifled cannon. Instead of being cast in one piece, it is molded in sections, resembling the old-fashioned mill-stone. These sections differing in size, the larger being at the base or breech of the gun, decreasing until it reaches the middle, when two large sections are introduced, these in turn decreasing until at the muzzle of the gun, the ordinary size of such cannon is reached. The furnace for heating the sections, preparatory to welding them together, is alongside of the "well," or open-work tower, in which the welding process takes place. At the bottom of this "well," is water; the first section has in centre, on the under side, a square solid piece of metal as a rest. Upon attaining the desired heat, an elevator, or "lift," takes each piece out of the furnace, deposits it in the well, one upon another, in the order of succession, and when the last piece is out in place, and it is wished to remove the gun from the "well," in order to polish the corrugated sides to a proper smoothness, and finish the other details of the work, there is machinery connected with the "well," that being set in motion, lifts or "pumps" up the gun to within reach of the elevator. If a regular heat is not maintained during the process of welding the pieces together, the entire work is spoiled. It is quite an interesting sight to watch the tiny model do its work, and to see the gun in its various stages.

Among the skins displayed in this building, and the articles manufactured from skins of different animals, etc., we notice a

PAIR OF BOOTS,

(This will hardly be credited by those who have not also seen them), made from the skin of a man. They are strong looking, and of a fine russet color, and from their thickness we are ready to believe the skin must have been that of a "tough customer."

Beside them is a pair made from the skin of a boa constrictor, in which the natural colors and spots of shaded brown and cream color are well preserved. Then we see a pair made from an alligator's hide. The latter is not so novel.

There is quite a fine collection of stuffed native animals in this building; and we must not omit to mention the models of army and naval forces in the different ranks and with appropriate uniforms that stand some singly, some grouped, about the building, and startle timid souls with the wild stare of their round eyes or the fierce curl of their fine woolen moustaches.

On our way out, we pass a huge lump of

NATIVE SULPHATE FROM NEVADA.

which has a beautiful golden hue in forming its mass, which gives it the appearance to uninitiated eyes of a lump of that precious metal whose tint it has stolen.

An enormous

METEORITE FROM TUCSON, ARIZONA,

fills us with wonder and a great thankfulness that we did not witness its descent from celestial heights, or touch it while in a seething condition. It weighs 1400 pounds, and is in the form of an irregular ring of metal, having the molten appearance of iron that has passed through the fire.

Upon entering the Main Building, we are attracted by the sound of hammering and an odor of fresh paint. We find the focus of attraction in the British department, where workmen are putting the finishing touches to a

BRILLIANT PAVILION OF SHEET AND WROUGHT IRON.

It is in three stories and of a Chinese pattern, having graduated sections, supported by slender pilasters and railings of open work. The colors are light-chrome yellow, orange color and gold. The railing of the first story has a pattern of water-lily leaves in yellow, interspersed with sunflowers. It is bright and of a graceful shape, and adds to the effect of more sombre surroundings by the contrast of its cheerful tints. We presume it will contain, when finished, specimens of work in sheet and wrought iron.

An amusing incident fixes it in our minds. Seeing a statue in the lower story in a sitting posture, done either in white clay or else cast in iron and painted white, we were unable to learn which: we tried to obtain a nearer view, more especially as the poise of the figure was good, and the expression of the face seemed familiar, but we could not at once recall it. A stalwart employee, marching about, volunteers to give us certain information concerning it: "Him sitting in the chair there? Oh yes! He's the man as first made ust of this sheet and wrought iron. Oh yes."

"Impossible!" we say, "for that is the face of a writer."

"Thomas Carlyle," quietly remarks a bystander, who has obtained a near view.

"There now," we retort to the self-sufficient informant who has thus grossly slandered the immortal author of "Sartor Resartus." We hoped to see him wilt under the sarcasm that informs our tones. Not a bit! He "smiled down" in superior compassion, and giving a contemptuous jerk of a big thumb to the unconscious object of discussion, dismissed the subject with an "Oh, yes! Thought I knowed him; one of them 'Pote fellows!'"

Such is fame and the undying influence of genius. What would the immortal Thomas think to hear himself classed among the "*Pote fellows!*"

Under the auspices of England, of course we find the

EAST INDIAN EXHIBIT.

There are some curiosities of antiquity to be seen here that are of a very ancient date. The base of a slab from *the Tope Amravati* is covered with odd figures in relief; as is also the portion of a Frieze from the same place. The figures on this last are worthy of observation, from the excellent effect produced by their grouping, which is visible even through the mutilation which has happened to it and the discoloration which mars its surface.

TWELVE DELHI MINIATURES

framed together in a beautiful setting of carved sandal wood, are really gems in their way. The views are of mosques, a government building, temples, etc., and the carving is wonderful. The sky and water are particularly fine, contrasting admirably with the rich tinting of the buildings.

An Ivory elephant from Berhampton with a howdah upon its back, mahout or driver, and persons sitting within. The howdah is so finely carved that it really seemed as though a microscope would be really needed to reveal the full beauty of some of the lines.

CURIOUS FIGURES OF PITH,

representing the different castes of the superstitious Hindoo nation are shown, being made in Frickmopoly.

BOMBAY

sends richly carved sofas, chairs, tables, and a splendid cabinet. We learn that the wood from which these intricate carvings are wrought, is called "black wood" and is somewhat in grain like rosewood.

Wandering among the States, we find something from New York that will be interesting to the fraternity. It is an

EXHIBIT OF GOLD PENS.

Upon a heap of these glittering and potent "points" stands a life-size eagle, composed entirely of gold pens—beak, wings, every part of it is covered. We fancy he is intended to personate the freedom of the American press.'

A Connecticut company exhibits a clock of silver, standing not less than five feet in height from base to summit; with the upper part representing a model of the old State House in Independence Square. A veteran of Seventy-Six has the rope of the bell, which when the machinery of the clock is in motion, strikes the hours. His little grandchild typifying the new century, is represented as ascending the stairs to greet him. The base of the clock is a great oblong piece of silver, with the dial plates set on the sides, and half encircled by laurel wreaths in gold relief. The chasing and finish of the work is very excellent and the subject so popular a one, it attracts much attention.

In

THE RUSSIAN DEPARTMENT

there is much to interest one. We must mention a massive chandelier of silver, or else an admixture of silver and other metals, of a curious form. A great chain supports the whole, pendant from which is a large open-wrought circle of metal, with places for candles. In the centre, just above this circle, is a lamp of antique form, suspended by higher chains. It is so different from our brilliant, flashing chandelier of gilt and crystal or bronze, with the myriad lights that we so delight in dazzling our eyes with, that it seems a relic of a mediæval age, and fitted only to hang in a great oaken hall, where are gathered knights and squires in clanking armor, and stately dames in ruffs and farthingales.

A sportsman would admire the handsome case in this department, containing a beautifully inlaid shot-gun, with a silver powder-flask having a finely-chased view of a huntsman afield with his dogs and horse upon its surface. An

ARTISTIC FRAME OF BRASS.

combined with other metals, and either beaten or moulded into representations of flowers, leaves and sprays attracts our notice, but it is hung so high that it is not possible to have a fair view of it. So with some fine medallion portraits in bronze relief. They are too high to read any inscription that may be attached to them.

A remarkable picture of Our Saviour called

"THE ACHEROPTICAL IMAGE,"

is enclosed in a cabinet frame of carved wood. Only the head of the picture is shown; it is painted on ivory and is the most exquisite face we have ever seen. A semi-circle of gold embroidery defines the upper part of the head, and has the letters 'I. H. S.' wrought upon it in turquoises. A drapery of silver cloth surrounds this, and back of all is a ground-work of gold. We give the details of the work because it is so curiously disposed—one would think to the marring of the picture, but such is not the case. No setting could mar the calm beauty of this perfect face.

There are some fine models shown of different animals, including one of the human figure, colored so as to show clearly the anatomy and disposition of the muscles, veins and arteries. To the student such things must surely be of great value. Such opportunities for study are afforded; such facilities for gaining instruction free of cost.

We now come to a beautiful specimen of the

REPOUSSE WORK,

of which one hears so much nowadays, and concerning the method of which so little is known generally. The piece which attracted us, is a representation of the

ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

The mother is seated upon a sort of dias, holding upon her lap the Infant Saviour. The different types of mankind, as is usually the custom in this picture, are represented, and are here exquisitely delineated, the peculiar excellence of this method consisting in the fine lines and life-like expression producable by use of it. And it may not be unacceptable to give here a slight sketch of what is termed the "Repousse process." To a casual observer it resembles "casting," but the process is entirely different. It can be done in any malleable metal; silver is generally chosen as being capable of the finest effects. The metal is first beaten flat, if a flat surface is desired. Vases and other forms can also be made by means of wooden mallets, used with great care and dexterity. The design is then sketched on the inner side. Now commences the Repousse work. The tools needed are an instrument resembling in many points an anvil, having two sharpened ends or horns. One of these is placed upon the exact spot of the design meant to be pushed outward, and the opposite end or "horn" is struck, the jar thus given communicating itself to the point touching the metal, breaking the abruptness of a direct blow, and thus by fine degrees accomplishing the effect. The desired forms having been thus produced the work shifts to the outside. The hollow part is filled with a composition of Burgundy pitch, combined with other materials; thus supported from within, the little asperities and imperfections of the outer side are carefully gone over, the finest lines and shading traced. This operation of going over the work has often to be repeated, both from within and without; the composition removed and afterwards put on again, as occasion will require. As it can well be imagined, only a true artist is fitted for this work, it is by no means dependent upon mechanical skill.

Bennento Cellini was the greatest known master of this art; but it is said that the noted sculptor of metals, Morel Ladenil, of our own day is not far behind him.

While the rare works of art from the leading, the ancient nations of the world, call forth our highest meed of admiration, we cannot withhold the praise due the ambitious little islands and colonies who have sent such meritorious works of industry to our exhibition.

We are continually coming across some tastefully disposed exhibit from one of these which one is apt to pass by, until the more prominent exhibits are seen. Such is the display of pretty straw wares, odd-looking mats, etc., from the Seychelle Islands. These are British possessions and are situated in the Indian Ocean off the coast of Zanguebar. There are excellent accounts given of the advancement and industry of the inhabitants, and certainly very pretty specimens of their handiwork.

We do not remember ever to have seen more delicate work in straw, than is shown in sundry dainty baskets, fans, bottles and even slippers, from these Islands. Shell flowers are shown, some in the most charming tints. A strange fruit, or nut, called "sea coaconut," is among the exhibits; it is larger and of a a different shape to the cocoanut of commerce

At one of the stands in the

TURKISH DEPARTMENT,

there are many curiously made articles of olive wood from Jerusalem for sale.

We are shown a pair of candle sticks which shut up together, forming, when so closed, a round box, opening in the middle and displaying a pair of saucer-shaped candlesticks. A more ornamental pair is formed by the interlacing of spiral strips of wood. Other articles, boxes, rosaries, thimble cases, etc., are shown, and are attractive both from the association connected with them, and their beauty of polish and coloring.

In the very large display made of different kinds of porcelain and ceramics generally, we saw the evidences of the "China mania" which last year seemed to have spread over the civilized world. Some specimens of Faience ware, in the French department, are very fine. We admire the smaller articles, more than the larger ones, since there seems to be greater delicacy of tinting and harmony of grouping displayed in them.

A pocket bracket or portfolio, especially pleased our fancy. The back is of fine bamboo strips, arranged in lattice work, while the front of the pocket is a plate of Faience, representing a group of children playing,—two little noblemen and two peasant children. The coloring is of a rare beauty and the attitudes of the children so finely rendered as to render it a gem of its kind.

In this Department among the enamel wares is a plate having a head of Washington upon it. The face of the Great Father, however often seen is always dear and interesting to his children, consequently we do not fail to examine this one. It represents him as somewhat advanced in life, and seems a correct likeness, corresponding well to a Silhouette taken from life of him, a short time before he died, and which was said to have been very good.

A large dish in enamel represents Alexander the Great, offering to bestow gifts upon the surly philosopher Diogenes, who is appropriately posed, with the orthodox snarl upon his lips, as he sits at the mouth of his "tub" with the traditional lantern beside him.

Hearing that the pictures in the Russian Department, Memorial Hall, are now ready for inspection, we cross over to have a "small peep" before leaving, but find that envious wooden bar still barricading the door, and so must wait until it suits these tardy subjects of the Czar to "hurry up." Perhaps they are following the time time-honored advice so suitable to this weather, and "are making haste slowly."

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

For those who have a living faith, there may be bitter sorrows, but there is no despair.—*Anon.*

A man may be great by chance, but never wise or good without taking pains for it.—*Anon.*

All women cannot be doctors, or lawyers, or successful litterateurs, or prosperous financiers, but all can contribute grace and goodness of manner, which will render them charming as women—*Jennie June.*

Let no young man ever permit it to enter his mind that economy is meanness, or that it is to be despised. It is he who saves who can afford to give; and nothing is mean which is honest, and which goes to establish one's independence.

When a man asks me the use of shrubs and flowers, my first impulse is to look under his hat, and see the length of his ears.—*Henry Coleman.*

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul with.—*H. W. Beecher.*

No wise man ever wished to be younger.—*Dean Swift.*

They early die, and never resign.—*Jefferson, on Office-holders.*

Poets learn in suffering
What they teach in song.—*Shelley.*

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blest one's life with true believing.
—*Anon.*

In this world 'tis the best you get at all;
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than man in benediction.—*Mrs. Browning.*

It is generally supposed that a light and buoyant temperament tends to frivolity and to fickleness. But no man is so well qualified to discharge the duties of life as one who acts through a temperament that is glowing and genial. Such a man, above all others, is able to bring to the discharge of his duty such happiness as enables him to be persistent therein.

NEWS NOTES.

BRISTOW is going to practice law in Kentucky.

ROBERT LINCOLN, son of the late President Lincoln, is to stump Illinois for Tilden.

QUEEN VICTORIA has invested the King of Greece with the Order of the Garter.

ABOUT 400 Londoners are killed annually by street accidents.

THE University boat race at Saratoga, last week, was won by the Cornell crew. Harvard second, Columbia third.

THE silver bill, passed by both Houses of Congress, has been signed by the President, and is now a law.

BETWEEN 5000 and 6000 people perished in this country last year victims of kerosene oil accidents.

EGYPT'S public debt, consolidated into stock, bearing seven per cent. interest, amounts to about $300,000,000.

THE Turks take no prisoners, and systematically refuse to give quarter. The Servians are more humane.

A COMPANY has been organized in St. Louis to build a new hotel that will cost $2,000,000, contain 2000 rooms and accommodate 3500 guests.

THE Supreme Court of California recently examined thirteen students who applied for admission to the bar, and refused to admit any of them.

THERE are seventy Catholic negroes in the College of the Propaganda, in the City of Rome, training for the missionary work in Africa.

THE exports of France to England in three months of the current year amounted to $50,000,000; those of Great Britian to France, $18,000,000.

THERE are said to be in Turkey, at the present time, over forty thousand individuals incarcerated for debt, and nearly all for debt due to the Turkish Government.

KRUPP, the celebrated maker of cannon, is said to be the richest man in Prussia. He pays 110,000 marks income tax, which represents a yearly scale of profits exceeding $1,250,000.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand Russian volunteers are ready to march to the assistance of Servia, and have asked the Roumanian government for permission to pass through its territory.

SHERIDAN, it is said, is to take the field against the hostile Sioux Indians and their Cheyenne, Arrapahoe, Arickasee and other confederates, as soon as he has completed all his arrangements.

GEN. CROOK is awaiting reinforcements in the Indian country, and proposes to end the war by one crushing blow. The Indians considerably outnumber the force under his command.

THE Turkish newspapers announce the Servian General Tchernayeff has been dislodged from Bahenglava, and is retreating. The Turks were advancing into Servia.

AT a meeting of the Home Rulers in London (recently) it was resolved to submit to Parliament a proposal for amnesty to the Fenians on the first of August next.

A NUMBER of Congressmen expressed the opinion several days ago that Congress would adjourn by the last of this week, but they are now not so confident. The exact time of adjournment is merely a matter of speculation.

THE President on Saturday signed the bills establishing the rank of Paymaster-General; extending the duration of the Court of Alabama Claims, and providing for military posts on the Yellowstone and Mussel Shell rivers.

GEN. LA MARMORA, in fulfilment of a wish expressed by his wife on her death-bed, has handed to the municipality of Florence the sum of $20,000, one-half of which is to be devoted to works of charity, and the other to the improvement of the facade of the Cathedral.

RUSSIA has only 18,000 miles of railroad, and proposes to add thereto by constructing several lines, among them one to span the empire from east to west, connecting *European* Russia with the Pacific by the way of Central Siberia. This will largely increase the demand of American locomotives.

A LETTER written in 1853 has just reached its destination at Sutter Creek, Cal., after circumnavigating the globe twice. It informed a young lady of heirship to $15,000 worth of property in England, which has been so wasted in litigation that what there is left is hardly worth going for.

THE probabilities are that a general Indian war will be inaugurated immediately. Troops are being rapidly sent to the Indian country from all points. Many Indians have also left their reservations and the agencies, it is believed, for no good purpose.

THE official order has been issued by the Secretary of War relieving General Schofield from the command of the Military Division of the Pacific and assigning him to the West Point military academy relieving Col. Ruger. General McDowell will take command of the Military Division of the Pacific.

THE postal card manufactory is running ten hours a day, turning out about 500,000 cards per day, and is 3,500,000 behind its orders. The number of cards printed during the quarter ending July 1st, was 88,000,000, an increase of nearly 10,000,000 over the corresponding quarter for 1875.

A TELEGRAPH wire runs through the Hoosac Tunnel, and warning is given whenever a train begins or ends a passage. A small force is still employed in examining the sides and roof and removing loose rock wherever found. Trains move very slowly, twenty minutes being the schedule time.

THERE has been more fraternization of late between Massachusetts and South Carolina than any other two States of the Union. If these extremes can meet and be reconciled, other and less antagonistic sections ought to be able to keep the peace with each other. The Bay State has sent delegations of her soldiers and civilians more than once to Charleston, where they have been received with whole-souled hospitality. Regiments from South Carolina and Virginia have lately gone to Boston, where they have been cordially and nobly welcomed. Let us have peace.

THE new Sultan gets $250,000 a month.

A SON of General Longstreet is running a village hotel in Georgia.

THE Custer monument fund has now reached nearly four thousand dollars.

ABOUT 700 of the clerks in the various departments at Washington are to be dismissed.

AN American General and three Prussian officers have entered the Servian army.

FLOOD & O'BRIEN, the California millionaires were formerly furnace men in Troy.

NEW YORK pays her Governor the largest salary of any State in the Union, $10,000 a year.

MEXICO offers $60,000 to anyone who will establish a woolen factory there with a capital of $100,000.

THE statue of William Penn, which is to crown the summit of the tower, will be thirty-five feet high.

JAMES FISK, of Brattleborough, Vt., father of Erie Jim, 70 years old, has taken to the pulpit in New York.

THE losses in Iowa by the tornado and floods of last week are estimated at $1,000,000. In Warren county alone the loss is $300,000.

AN old negro woman in Council Bluff, Va., who had been blind fifteen years, recently recovered her sight and can now see to thread a needle.

AT the recent sale of Virginie Dejazet's wardrobe, in Paris, the Lizette costume brought only $70. The boots averaged five dollars a pair.

AN officer of the first French Empire founded a banquet in 1867 which has since been annually celebrated. Every guest must be at least eighty years old.

VIENNA dispatches of a semi-official character express the fear that Austria will soon be compelled to interfere in the settlement of the issues raised by the Servian insurgents.

AT a recent fancy dress ball of the Lord Mayor of London, fifteen gentlemen appeared clad in white dress coats, waistcoats and trowsers, and black linen shirts, collars and cuffs.

STONES were first used for bullets; iron ones are first mentioned in 1550. Leaden bullets were made before the close of the sixteenth century. Stone cannon balls are still used in the East.

THE Emperor of Austria will meet the Czar of Russia when he is returning to Russia, and their Majesties will travel a short distance together. Afterward, the Emperor of Austria will meet Emperor William at Ischel. Prince Bismark will remain at Kissingen some weeks, after which he goes to Varien.

TREASURY officials say the section of the Silver bill authorizing the exchange of ten millions in silver for a like amount of legal tender notes will be practically inoperative. The Treasury has not the silver on hand, and the amount being coined is only sufficient for the redemption of the fractional currency.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., has a bright young girl of 18 years whose fondness for masculine attire and adventure has made her life thus far a notable one. She has been at sea several voyages, and is as familiar with the ropes and rigging as any old salt. She has also driven a coal cart in Providence. She calls herself Susan Holmes, but her real name is not known.

PILLAGE and robbery are flourishing in Servia. Arms are promiscuously distributed, and are employed by marauders and against farmers and landed proprietors. So many police are with the army that it is with great difficulty the people can resist the attacks of the outlaws. Some of them have been captured and shot without trial.

THE Servian war has not taken a new aspect, the defeats on the northeast and southwest now reported being merely a continuation of the disasters that have overtaken the Slavonic arms from the start. Roumania is said to be growing restive; but the war party will have little to give them courage, if, as highly probable, the Turks continue to strike the Servians so sorely.

THE dispatches from Europe relative to the Turkish war and the movements of the great Powers on the subject are so confused and contradictory, that it is only by long and careful examination, comparison and the exercise of a sound critical judgment, that any approach to the truth can be reached. The Turks are undoubtedly more formidable against the Servians than any one had expected, and the efforts of Russia to force Roumania into the contest increase daily. The English official diplomatic correspondence submitted to Parliament shows Russia to have been the agent of the trouble throughout.

BULLETINS posted in Constantinople claim that the Turks defeated the Servian priest, Doutchitch, recently, near Radosinge. This is in contradiction of the official report from Belgrade. A telegram to the Russian agency at Paris says the Montenegrins have had a real success at Padgoritza. Prince Nicholas has taken the heights commanding the Mostar, and a decisive engagement is imminent. A Belgrade dispatch says the Turks are everywhere assuming the offensive. It is officially announced that the Turks entrenched at Beljine attacked General Olympics with ten battalions of troops, chiefly irregulars. They attempted to drive the Servians across the Drina. After six hours fighting they were repulsed and pursued to Beljine with heavy loss. The ground was covered with Turkish dead. A rain storm stopped the pursuit, but the Servian artillery made great havoc in the Turkish ranks. The Turks attacked Colonel Mirkovic at Gramada, east of Alexinatz. There was ten hours of indecisive fighting. The Turks were reinforced and resumed the attack but were repulsed. The London Standard's Belgrade special says the repulse of the attack on Gramada is the most important strategetic advantage the Servians have gained. Gramada commands the road from Nish to Saitschar, and bars access to the heart of Servia. A Janina special says the Turks are importing large supplies of rifles and mountain artillery, and enrolling militia to suppress any attempt at insurrection. 700 Asiatics are now stationed in Thessaly. A hundred Bashi-Bazouks have been arrested and disarmed near Philippopolis.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

London, the admitted commercial centre of the world, with its 3,600,000 people of divers nationalties, is not a centre of art, science and literature, notwithstanding its boasted age and power. In music, England is far behind Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The chief musician here is a Welshman, named Thomas.

IN SCULPTURE,

scant; in painting, profuse but unrefined by the touch of genius; in poetry fulsome and, according to Buchanan, "fleshy;" in drama, ditto; in light literature, heavy; in science, utilitarian and obtuse, and in loyalty, lavish, London sinks below the provinces in talent and true merit. Her efforts are mere child's play—weak imitation—compared with what genius has done and is now doing elsewhere. Her "masters" do not scruple to imitate even despised Americans in more than a few things.

Let one who has seen the general intelligence of the United States, and studied the products of

DEMOCRATIC GENIUS,

come to London and examine her institutions, thoroughly, and he will find the States far above the comparison. The former seeks out inventions just as it penetrates new fields of wealth and enterprise, and has its own models. London has little that is its own, except the universal soot, "ha'-penny" customs and a piracy religiously observed ever since the Vikings of the north transmitted their blood into the heart of England.

Go to London's museums and art galleries, and what do you find? A vast collection of pirated goods from all quarters of the globe. This

"MISTRESS OF THE SEA"

has entered every port, robbed the sanctuary and the grave, stripped the living and the dead and sacked hut as well as palace, for relics and samples for exhibition to the wonder-hunters who come here annually to spend their spare earnings in smoke and languor. But when English productions of hand or machine are brought into competition in these museums, they suffer vastly by comparison, showing Englishmen to be more expert and persevering pirates than producers. Indian, French and Italian goods are far superior to anything English.

Yet, indeed, judging from the efforts of England shown at

SOUTH KENSINGTON,

they profess to excel only in bronzes, panel-work and architecture. As to the first, it is difficult to distinguish between good and indifferent.

In sculpture there are but few specimens, the best of which are by the late Baron Marochetti, R. A., which sounds mightily like a foreign name. There is an excellent plaster bust of Washington by the Baron. Then there are some fair specimens of plaster and marble work by Bailey, McDowell, John Bell, J. G. Lough, Wilke, Park, Campbell, Marshall and Storey, but none of them compare with Hiram Power's solitary, clear-cut, finely-finished bust of Proserpine. Very many of the plaster works are but imitations of master-pieces.

IN PAINTING,

the like mediocrity appears in glaring red daub, for which there is a perfect passion here. Few specimens escape it. The Royal Academy, where the recent works of British portrait and landscape painters may be seen for a shilling, is well ornamented with ruddy conceptions on canvas. He who would judge fairly of the multitude should study the single, modest little picture of "The Virgin and Child Before a Grotto," by Carl Miller, of Dusseldorff. He may then discern the difference between soulful ideality and figures indeed well-posed, but daubed over with an excess of materiality. In this, English papers follow their philosophers. That they pose well is true, and their crayon sketches and pen drawings are very good, but they lack that skill in handling colors which gives fineness of expression, and which may be found in the German, Italian, French and American creations.

To change to literature, the name of Robert Buchanan (Scotch) is not unknown in America. He recently headed a generous move in behalf of

WALT. WHITMAN,

a writer better known than appreciated in his own country. Buchanan has a *quasi*-fight with Swinburne and the London press, and has come out ahead, thus far, gaining a verdict of £150 damages against Taylor, M. P., publisher of the *Examiner*, and a friend of Swinburne.

BUCHANAN

wrote a satire, in which he hit Swinburne rather hard. The name of it was "The Fleshy School of Poetry," which really fits all the poetry manufactured in London now-a-days. But the press has another chance at Buchanan. He has written a play, entitled

"CORINNE,"

which portrays the condition of the clergy and aristocracy of France before the revolution. It is produced at the Lyceum Theatre and received with boisterous applause. It cannot but excite a revulsion against all aristocrats, and the London papers nearly all condemn it in long articles, calling it vulgar and unnatural. Well, the truth is just the reverse of their criticism, as Americans would discover if the leading character were taken by such a genius as

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON,

and the supports were adequate. It is a grand, solemn and, at times, exciting drama. It is too democratic, and "holds the mirror up to nature," too faithfully for the aristocratic toadies of the London press.

A few words in regard to the

TURKO-SERVIAN WAR.

The anxiety here is great. The government is quietly but rapidly preparing for a general rupture, as anyone must see. The militia are trained everywhere, following the grand review of 35,000 volunteers in Hyde Park, the 1st inst., by the

PRINCE OF WALES.

Vessels are called home and fitted for cruising and action. Fortifications are tested, rivers and harbors surveyed, and

DISRAELI AND DERBY

keep their mouths sealed in regard to the government intentions. Meanwhile many adventurers are leaving London for Turkey. Thus far everything has gone well with the Servians or Christians. It seems certain that Russia will aid them, if need be. Then England threatens to fly at

RUSSIA'S THROAT,

out of pure jealousy and selfishness. The false dispatches of Turkey's success are eagerly bulletined by the government organ. The people here are generally in sympathy with Servia. There is no mistaking where American sympathy lies in this struggle for freedom.

Yours, &c., W. R. B.

LONDON, July 19, 1876.

AUNT PATTY'S CENTENARY PAPERS.

I was jest brushin' of my wig previs tu justin' my cap ontu it, when Malviny knocked soft-like at my chamber door.

"Come in," ses I, "if yer warn't tu, and take a cheer."

Ye see, I knowed who it was; she pats ez quiet as a kittin, and allus comes in ez smilin' ez a sunbeam, and a sort of warmth inters intu the sarkerlation tu have that air creetur cum a nigh me. On this dentical mornin' she looked jest like a June rosebud ready tu bust intu bloom.

"Aunt Patty," ses she, "when you teached that dancin' schule tu me and Mr. Jinkins, you jest rendired yerself famis. There's a importor down stairs, and you've got tu be entryviewed, sure's fate."

Ses I, "Mallie, I've rived at varis honors sense I attainded wimmin's istate," and I waved my hand in the loftiest manner as I surceeded down stairs.

When I opened the door onto the scene there sot that newspaper man with his head hangin' down and his eyes rollin' up in a dijected mannor; as ef he hadn't got hold uf anything remarkable in some kind, ef not longer. But he 'mmediately brightened up and tuck out a little black book and a pencil, and made his comets audibly as he writ!—

"Five feet, ten inches, jingo! straight es a ramrod; hair orbin, with a funny streak up the scalp; looks like dried parchmint; riminds me uf one uf Barnim's mummies." And ever once't in a while he stopped tu pull at a sickly-lookin' mustach.

"Grandmarm," ses he, "how many sentrys old be ye?" and he hooped it out like a wild Injin, and sot all the glass tu clatterin intu their sarshes.

"In the fust place," ses I, "I ain't deaft, and if yer warnt the pleasure uf talkin tu a post, there's one outside the house; and in the next place did ye send fer me fer any porpoise?"

"All her consuses parfic," ses he, seizin holt of his pencil agin. "Madim, will ye give me yer edge?"

Ses I, "Sir, I haint got none tu spar." (Ef there's anything I'm proud on, its bein an edged old lady, but I've hearn tell that it warnt perlite tu ax females how old they was, and I didn't intend tu have yer Aunt Patty treated with onrispect, not ef I knowed it.)

"Ruther testy," ses he a little lower and he writ it ontu his book.

"No fense, marm," says he, "Might I enquire how old ye be?"

"Sartin," ses I, "spect ye might."

"Consarn her," ses he, or somethin tu that effec.

"My dear madim," and he got up out of his cheer and made a perlite bow, "I cum here in the intrist uf my purfession, under the impression that I was bout tu behold the oldest female woman sence the days of Melchisedick," (he didn't know 'twas Methusaler he meant) and your appearance would sartinly warrint that kenclusion. You rimind me uf a perushin cap that's ben kept in a dry place fer several edges, and is jest spilin tu go off thout provercashun."

Ses I, "I'd like tu pop in a word ageways oncet in a while, ef yer greeable. Did yer marm know ye was cumin. Did she know?"

Ses he, "Madam don't spring any more of yer traps ontu me; ef ye du how shall I ever find out how old ye are?"

Ses I, "That air's a kinundrum."

"But I railly would like ter know."

"Du tell! Would ye, now? Perseverence complishes all things, for my schule marster writ in my copy-book; and I seed it kersemplified in one instants years ago. Prudy Tarner bominated Sigher Torru but he never knowed when he'd got the mitten, and pursood on arter her jest the same, and the poor creetur merried him at the last to git rid of him. But I'm bout the same's ingaged, so 'twont du any good to bother round me any longer. And yit, your visit shant go onrewarded. I'll give yer a recipete for the invigerationin of that air mustatch of yourn. Every mornin ye jest apply a little barm—" but lawful sakes, I don't believe he ketched a word on't, for he rushed parst me exclamationin suthin, and I arter him, for it teched my feelings tu see that poor misfortinist critter strugglin with sech a puny growth. "A little barm," I screetched agin, ez I stuck my head out of the door, "apply it on risin—" but twas no mortil use fer I only seed his cut-tails flyin ez he turned the corner.

The moril of this tale pints tu the fack that any gentil youth similar flicted can have that air recipete by plyin to

Yer most obejent sarv't,
AUNT PATTY.

* * *

Not very long ago I was riding on the cars and an incident occurred that seemed to me so beautiful that I want to tell it for the encouragement of womankind. There were two old men sitting behind me, strangers to each other, but like little children, comparing ages and their lives. They were 70 and 75 years old, both farmers, and both had recently lost their wives—one so recently that his heart was full of sorrow, and his eyes overflowed as he talked. They were uncultured men, and of course used no fine language. Said one: "She never spoke an unkind word to me in all the fifty years I lived with her. I have been visiting my children, and going from place to place, but I am lonely all the time, and I missed her so much." The other old man said his wife was sick for many months; "but," says he, "my success in life is as much hers as mine. She was a faithful, true wife, always busy, always doing her part, and now she is gone. I am so restless all the time, and can stay nowhere long. I hope I shall soon go to her, for life is so dreary and lonely." And so they talked comforting and sympathizing with each other. What a testimony to the lives of those two women, farmers' wives, who had lived quiet, humble lives, performed their daily duties, brought up their children, and left this monument in the hearts of their husbands.—*Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

WE govern our passions; but in general we let the passions first have a trial.

COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENTS.

Charles Dickens began by inviting the photographer to join him in "a little brandy and water, hot." He had only one sitting in this city, and that he gave Ben Gurney. About 25,000 copies of the picture taken then have been sold in New York alone. In 1860 the Prince of Wales sat for Gurney. He had deferred it to the last moment, and while he was sitting, the military were waiting outside to escort him to the depot. Lord Lyons entered and said: "Your Highness, we have no time to spare, and there is a multitude outside anxious to see you." "Let them wait," replied the Prince, "they can see my photo when I am gone." Over 5,000 copies of this picture were sold. The Grand Duke Alexis and suite had their pictures taken on Sunday, the only day they were disengaged. The Duke was with difficulty prevailed upon to lay his cigarette aside during the sitting, and owing to his large frame was very difficult to pose in such a way so that his figure might not be taken for that of a prize-fighter; his face no one could mistake. About 5,000 of his pictures were sold.

Actors and actresses generally make the best pictures, because they understand the art, for it is an art, of graceful posing. Harry J. Montague, of Wallack's, has sat for Gurney, Mora and Sarony, and fully 10,000 of his pictures have been sold in New York. Lester Wallack has been sitting for pictures for over twenty years, and perhaps 40,000 copies of his photographs have found places in the albums. Of Edwin Booth's pictures, over 75,000 copies have been sold within fifteen years. Edwin Forrest's pictures never sold well.

John Brougham sells very well for a man of his age and modesty. About 10,000 copies of Capoul's portrait were bought. Of John Wilkes Booth's about 5,000 copies were sold before the killing of President Lincoln, and as many more afterward. "Humpty Dumpty" Fox, Fechter, Thorne, Stephenson, Barrymore and Sothern sell about equally well, the limit for each not exceeding 5,000. The photographs of Parepa Rosa have had a larger sale than those of any other singer or actress who ever sat in this country. Nearly 50,000 copies have been obtained from one negative. Next to Parepa Rosa, the demand has been greatest for Mrs. Scott Siddons' picture, over 40,000 of which have been sold. Of Christine Nilsson about 30,000 have been sold; of Adelaide Neilson about the same number; of Clara Morris 25,000; and of Fanny Davenport nearly as many. Maggie Mitchell, who used to sell her own pictures while travelling, has had 25,000 of her photographs disposed of.

Of Horace Greeley about 20,000 photographs were sold during the last Presidential canvass. There has also been a great demand for the pictures of Astor, Vanderbilt and Stewart.—*N. Y. Cor.*

* * *

THE first Roman journal, issued over 2,000 years ago, appeared but once a year. The editor of this paper was the Pontifex Maximus, whose duty it was to chronicle all the important events of the year. The news was written on white wooden tablets, and attached to the residences of the citizens. It must have been a very curious sight to see the old Romans crowding round the tablets to get a look at the latest news. But the thirst after knowledge and the curiosity of the people grew rapidly and in such a measure that the government, the only issuer of the journal, found itself obliged to issue a daily, which appeared either on tablets hung out in public, or was written in red chalk on the walls of the houses. The contents were simply news; from the want of the necessary materials political articles were not to be had. Nevertheless, according to the view of the Roman government, it was a true journal, and intended as reading matter for the public.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ASHES scattered over old soils will commonly operate against the inroads of worms upon turnips planted in them.

M. VOGEL, of Munich, states that seeds germinate more quickly with water containing camphor than with pure water.

CABBAGES to grow fast and head out well, must be hoed often, and this should be done early and while the dew is on. Most kinds of vegetables will do better if hoed while the soil is wet with dew or a slight rain.

To effectually destroy mites in a poultry yard, it is only necessary to mix crude carbolic acid with water in the ratio of two ounces of fluid to one gallon of water and sprinkle well the yard, roosts, coops, nests, etc. It is a sure and speedy remedy.

VINES growing strongly should have their laterals regularly pinched. Never allow any unnecessary wood to grow, as the strength spent on superabundant shoots should be concentrated in what is left to mature of the wood, and also in the fruit.

REMEDY FOR SORE-BACKED HORSES.—Prepare a wash of vinegar, one quart; laudanum, half an ounce; sugar of lead, four drachms; mix, and apply three or four times a day. The bruised part should be washed with warm water and carbolic soap every morning, and well dried before the lotion is applied. The saddle should not be put on his back until the wounded part is healed.

A FARMER states that he planted five rows of corn with seed taken from three inches below the top of the ear, rejecting the imperfect grains at the extreme point; then five rows taken from the middle and base of the ear, rejecting the imperfect grains at the butt. The result was that the five rows planted from the middle and butt of the ear ripened about two weeks and a half before the other rows, the corn of the former being better eared and filled to the end of the cob.

WHY POTATOES DEGENERATE.—Everybody knows that when a new variety of potatoes makes its appearance, the yield is large. The reason is that seed potatoes cost from two to five dollars a bushel, and, out of motives of economy, we plant scientifically. We cut a potatoe into small bits, with not more than two eyes in a piece. When these potatoes become cheap, we plant whole potatoes, big or little, generally little, and the result is just the same as if we planted from ten to twenty grains of corn in a hill.

Soapsuds may be used to a great advantage for manuring grape-vines. Downing says he has seen an Isabella grape-vine produce 3,000 fine clusters of well-ripened fruit in a season by the liberal use of manure and soapsuds from the weekly wash. The effect of soapsuds on other plants is remarkable. A cyprus vine that had remained stationary for about a fortnight, when about two inches high, immediately began growing after being watered with soapsuds, and grew about six inches in five days.

A TEXAS sheep-raiser says there are about two million head of sheep on the borders of the Rio Grande, the finest sheep-raising country in the world. He has imported some of these to his own ranche, and he says that in two years the clippings will net him sixty-five cents per head, which, together with the increase of stocks, will yield him a handsome revenue. On the Neuces and Frio rivers there are about seven hundred and fifty thousand sheep, from which the best mutton will soon be ready for market.

CORN is a staple food for fowls. But *whole* corn is not economical. Broken or in meal form (cooked), feeding of it daily is a very good and handy kind of provender. But corn only will never answer as aliment for poultry. It will keep them alive, and some will grow fat upon it; but if you look for eggs from the hens or for general thrift in your chickens, they must have a variety of food, and not more than a third of the daily allowance of corn. Oats, wheat, ground bone, chandler's scraps, occasionally chopped fine, and green food, is what they covet, and these do them the most good, remember.—*Poultry World.*

TREES A NECESSITY.—Rainless countries are invariably treeless countries. The great plains of the western portion of North America enjoy only a slight and uncertain rainfall until settlement comes in and establishes vegetation. Lands which have been denuded of primeval forests have become arid and barren. This is true of the West Indies, of the Appenines, of sections of Northern Africa and of Palestine and other parts of Asia. If there were no trees on the surface of this earth, our globe would be uninhabitable by man. The moral is trite—"Woodman, spare that tree!"

WHITE AND BLACK PIGS.—It has long been considered that the black pigs were the best for the Southern States, as they most easily resisted the ill effects of the hot sun, and if it is true, as has been authoritatively stated, that they can forage with impunity upon some of the common wild plants, which are fatal to white pigs, we have a still more satisfactory reason for this popular preference. But in the North the taste has very largely run to the white breeds, and we have many excellent varieties, so nearly related in character that it would be entirely safe to abandon all distinction between them, excepting as to size, and to class them, as is now done in England, as the large and small white breeds.

HERE AND THERE.

MARK TWAIN says the Sandwich Islanders are generally as unlettered as the other side of a tombstone.

"Is your mistress in?" "She is, sur." "Is she engaged?" "Faith, she's more than that. She's married."

"THE sacred heavens around him shine," wrote the poet. The compositor put it: "The sacred hyenas around him whine."

"WHY should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher in Boston. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

HARRY, while looking on while his new little sister cried at being washed, turned away, saying—"If she screamed like that in Heaven, I don't wonder they sent her off!"

ACCORDING to the judgment of a New Milford man, who had seven men to assist him to his feet, "the hind end of a mule is much more premature than the front end."

A FAMILIAR TOWN.—"B u, Bu, c h u chu, Boochoo," said Dom Pedro, looking out of the car window near an Illinois station, "Parbleu, zees ze fifteenth place of zat name vich I see seence ve leave New York."

"DEY ain't no nigger on de top side of koration," said a darkey at Nashville the other day, putting his hand to his bandaged head, "what can sing a hymn and put de sears on a kickin' mule at de same time."

A PHILADELPHIAN who jostled a turbaned Mussulman distributing circulars on Chestnut street, a few days ago, was horrified at the exclamation: "Blast yer sowl! do yiz take me for a rale Turruk?"

A COLORED minister wishing to notify his congregation that the Sunday afternoon services would be discontinued, said "Hereafter in the afternoon there will be no preaching in the afternoon hereafter."

"BOYS," said the teacher, holding up her right forefinger to make the scholars attentive, "what is Indian meal composed of?" And a little boy in the back seat, who wore patched trowsers, got up and said, "Please ma'am, roast missionaries."

A GRUMBLING old bachelor, after listening to the following, "She was her muvver's own little darlin' wopsy popsy deary ducky so she was, an' she mus' keep still," asks, "Why don't women talk some decent kind of English to their children.

A COLORED preacher, in translating to his hearers the sentence, "The harvest is over, the season is ended, and thy soul is not saved," put it, "De corn has been cribbed, dere ain't any more work, and de debbil is still foolin' wid dis community."

A KISS for each falling star is the lover's rule, and when a meteor shoots across the firmament the listening pedestrain may hear from the shadow of the front steps such exclamations as, "Oh, George, don't! There, now, you naughty man, I hope you are satisfied."

"WELL, Pat," said an indulgent master to his coachman, who had just been describing the glories of St. Patrick's-day dinner, "was your appetite sated?" "Sated, is it, your honor? Sure an' it wasn't. It had to sthand up along wid meself most of the time."

SAID a Danbury father to his son who was lounging on the grass under an apple tree the other afternoon: "While we are waiting for Stanley, I guess we'd better mow the South meadow."—*Danbury News.*

IT WASN'T a loaded Philadelphia preacher who recently said: "Brezzern eazier for a cammel (sic) tro srough ze knee of an idel, zan fur (sic) a rich man to live pezably (sic) wiz his muzzer-in-law."

LITTLE boys playing ball. Anxious mamma in distant doorway calling aloud, "Tommy, Tommy." Gentleman calls attention of children to woman. Best boy replies, "Her ain't callin' of we: us don't belong to she."

WHEN old Mrs. Cadby read that "lace frills are put on both edges of black velvet dog collars," she laid down the paper and exclaimed: "Did anybody ever hear of such foolishness! Why, next they'll be putting gold breastpins and striped stockings on dogs."

A KANSAS city German got angry with a banker of that place for demanding a heavy discount, and when the banker asserted it was "business," replied: "Pisiness? Pisiness? You sthands here mit der gounter shust all der dime and robs a man barefaced pefore his back and calls dot pisiness!"

"I specs, my beluvved hearers," said a colored parson; "I specs to-day to take a broad field in my 'scource. It takes me a good while to get away from de dock, but when I once strikes de deep water, den look out for de rarin' up o' de foam!"

A NEGRO about dying, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, sah," he replied, "if I dies I forgib dat nigga; if I gets well dat nigga must take care!"

"AXING yer pardon, ma'am, but wud yer plaze tell me what them things is in the picther fornenst the mantel?" "Those are Raphael's Angels, Bridget." "Ooh! thin the both of us wuz wrong. I says they wus twins but Maria would have it they wuz bats."

"TAINT no use in your crying'," said a heartless maiden to her prostrate lover; "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth." "Well, Mary," he replied, breathing through his nose with great difficulty. "you'll lend me your pocket handkerchief, won't you?"

SOMEBODY gave Paddy McGrath a pickled egg recently. Paddy bit it in two, opened his mouth, made a face, and said: "Be me sowl I'll go before any Judge or jury in the wurreld an' take me oath that the hin that laid that egg had the dyspipsy or heartburn."

SAM—"I say Jim, how does you like my new sweet ob clothes?" Jim—"Sweet ob clothes! Go 'long! You mean suit ob clothes." Sam—"Go 'long wid yer ownself, you black ignoramus! Don't folks as knows French say sweet ob rooms! well de same am applicable to clothes. Go whitewash yourself!"

"WHAT would be your notion of absent-mindedness? asked Rufus Choate of a witness whom he was cross-examining. "Well, said the witness, with a strong Yankee accent, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum, and took it out'n his pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it was a *leetle* absent-minded."

A SIMPLE peasant from the wilds of New England was alighting from the cars at the Washington depot, in company with a friend, when the latter pointed out the first distinguished-looking man he saw, and exclaimed: "Look, George, there goes one of the greatest statesmen in this country." "Dew tell!" ejaculated the simple peasant. "How much has he stolen?"

"A'N'T forty dollars rather high for lodging and breakfast?" was what a departing stranger by the Kingsbury stage inquired of the clerk at one of our leading hotels on being told that was the amount of his bill. "Yes, it is a little high; but we might as well have it as the stage robbers," was the placid answer of the clerk as he receipted the bill.—*San Antonio Herald.*

* * *

IT IS WITH PLEASURE THAT I ADD MY TESTIMONY to the excellence of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. I have used it in my family for several years, and can truly say that I know of no medicine equal to it for checking and curing the frequent Coughs and Colds to which children are subject at all seasons of the year. I have also realized great benefit from it myself, and have recommended it to others, who almost invariably have learned to value it. I always prescribed it to the students under our care when necessary, and the teachers willingly add their testimony to mine in praise of this medicine.—*J. S. Edwards, Principal of Providence Conference Seminary, East Greenwood, R. I.*

OUR
BOYS
GIRLS

NELLIE DENE.

A Fairy Tale for Little Folks.

BY LAWRENCE GRAY.

The prosperity of Dennis and Nellie Dunmare did not stimulate their pride or harden their hearts. They were charitable and benevolent to all; and everywhere might be heard the praises of the generous "Stocking Merchant," and blessings on his wife—the fair landlady of the Red Stag. But as the long period of the seven years began to draw to a close, Nellie began to be very miserable; and as month after month passed away, the rose gradually faded from her cheek, the bright light from her eye, and the smiling dimples from her sweet mouth, and a cloud seemed to settle over the radiance of her sunny sky. Her poor husband was grieved to death to see his dear Nellie so changed, and every remedy was resorted to to amuse or divert her melancholy, and now every morning as she awoke she heard the low, fiendish laugh by her window that she had heard so many years ago behind the little hedge of her garden. She felt ready to sink into her grave. The physician declared his skill was vain—the malady was in the mind; and Dennis, that nothing might be left undone, got a large painted board put up in front of the Red Stag, on which was written the following invitation:

TAKE NOTICE.

"To all musicians, wandering minstrels, story-tellers, and all others whom it may concern:—I, Dennis Dunmare, landlord of the Red Stag, will give every person board and lodging of the best the house can afford, for a year and a day, who by playing, singing, rhyming, jesting, story-telling, gymnastics, or by any other lawful means, will make Mrs. Dunmare give one hearty laugh."

"If laughing," said he, "is not good for lowness of spirits, I am sure I can't tell what is."

Crowds came to the door of the Red Stag, but all their efforts could not even win a smile from the sorrow-worn Nellie, until, at last, but one day remained between her and the awful summons. The day passed, and night came on. Twenty times she was about telling her secret, and disclosing all to her husband, and every time as the words rose to her tongue, she thought she saw the glowing twinkling eyes of the horrible little demon glaring at her from some dark corner—the terrible fancy held her silent. It was rather late when an old beggar with a long grey beard entered the inn; he was tall and sturdy, with bright blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and seemed more a jolly rover, than a poor and friendless wanderer.

"May there be light and merry hearts to all under this roof!" he began. "It's a pleasant outside the door has, the inside should be a nest of happiness."

"Sit down, old man, you are welcome," said Dennis. "Now by your smiling face, and rogueish eye, one might expect something to lighten the loaded heart; have you any merry story that would make the night seem short, and the sorrowful forget their griefs?"

"Many a pleasant joke, and rib-cracking story, I have heard in my day," replied the rover, "and many a time have I made the tired traveller forget the long road, and the weary of life forget their woes."

"Well, let us have the very best, old man," said Dennis; "if I am not much mistaken, you'll find it necessary to try all the powers of your wit in the present case—but here's a mug of something hot, to stir the fire of your fancy, and warm your heart."

"I made a vow," said the stranger, "to touch neither food nor drink, until I try the power of my art upon the good woman of the house."

"May it prosper, now" answered Dennis, "and you may claim any reward it is in my power to grant."

A crowd collected around the old man, and he commenced several narratives. The listeners were convulsed with laughter at their drollery, wit and whimsicality; all but Nellie—she sat as one who neither heard nor saw, mute and motionless as a statue.

At length Dennis interrupted him:—"I think you have said enough," said he, "for you see that all your merry adventures fail to draw a smile from my poor wife. Try something else; perhaps your next effort will be more successful."

The old man looked with a pitying expression of countenance towards the silent and despairing woman.

"Well, I will try something else," said he, "as I passed by the green Valley of Muzzlefast to-day, I heard one of the strangest songs I ever listened to in my life; I think it would make the mistress give us one smile, at least."

"Where did you say you heard it?" asked Dennis.

"In the Valley of the Muzzlefast," answered the old man.

"What about the Valley of the Muzzlefast?" inquired Nellie, suddenly starting up, her worn countenance beaming with intelligence and animation, and her sunken eyes lighting up with the flashings of hope and joy.

"A curious song that I heard a little man singing in the valley this very day," said he.

"Oh! what sort of a little man?" she eagerly inquired.

"A little, ugly, yellow chap," said the rover, "with fiery eyes and red hair. He was knitting stockings when I peeped over the hedge—his fingers went like the wind, while he sang as merry as a little bee; a very sweet voice he has, too—only those who hear it once never care to hear it again—shall I sing the song?"

"Oh! do!" cried Dennis, who observed the emotion of his wife with heartfelt joy. The old man hummed a moment, in order to drop into the air, and then in a monotonous, yet not unpleasing voice, he sung the following song:

"Oh! my love is bonny, my love is fair;
Few, few with my own love can compare;
Like the raven's wing is her shining hair,
Like the swan on the lake her graceful air,
And her lips are like rubies, rich and rare;
Long, long have I toiled to win and to wear,
And little, O little my dame does know,
That my title is "Trip it and Go.""

As he concluded Nellie greeted him with a wild scream of delight, and flinging herself in an ecstacy of joy upon the neck of the ancient beggar, she kissed his grizzly beard, and laughed and shouted aloud, while Dennis capered about snapping his fingers and knocking the servants down in the excess of his pleasure. Round and round he danced, till seeing his wife madly continue to caress the singer, he went over softly and disengaged the old man from her embrace.

"Gently, gently, Nellie," said he, "there may be too much of a good thing you know. Do you think even this good old man entitled to the first of your good humor?"

"Let her do, as she pleases, Dennis Dunmare," said the singer, "she has reason to rejoice; and it is better to let the full heart overflow than burst."

As soon as her joy would permit her, Nellie confessed her secret to her astonished husband; and while they were giving utterance to their gratitude, the old man stood before them. His whole appearance seemed changed, and a light broke over his countenance, as with an air of dignity he waved his hand.

"Your troubles are happily at an end," said he, in a voice of supernatural power and sweetness; "your subtle enemy is foiled, and you are rescued from a doom of darkness and misery;—the good never want a friend. You fed the hungry and clothed the needy. Continue in the path of right, and want or sorrow will never cross your threshold as a guest. I saw your virtue and was resolved to snatch from the gloomy sprite, who entrapped you, his intended victim—I have rescued you—adieu."

He waved his hand again as he glided to the door. Dennis rushed after him to bring him back. He saw him vanish through the doorway, and followed him into the street, he looked up and down, to the right and to the left—but his visitor was not to be seen. Did he melt into air, or blend with the moonlight? He knew not—but he never was his guest again.

The long dreaded morning arrived, but Nellie met the first beam of the sun with a light heart. The hideous elf soon appeared with his last pair of stockings; he grinned with fiendish exultation as he handed them to her.

"Here—Nellie Dunmare!" he said, "they are the last—my task is ended. Now, can you tell me my name, or are you ready to come away with me?"

"Why, my gay little fellow," replied the now smiling Nellie, "do you suppose that I am a fool?"

"Fool! fool!—aye. You must tell me my name, or come with me. That was the bargain!" cried he, with triumph, "this is the day, and no power on earth can keep you from me."

"Now if you were a nice little fellow; a good-looking little fellow;" said Nellie still smiling, "there might be some inducement for me to—"

"Cease your folly," he cried fiercely, "you have a binding agreement; are you ready to fulfil it? You have been happy! The seven years have expired! Perform your contract!"

"Not yet, not yet!" replied Nellie, "for—"

"For what?" shouted the imp in a voice of thunder. "Nothing can keep you from me—speak—speak my name or you are mine! Come away!" and he stretched forth his claw-like fingers to seize her.

"Wait but one instant," said Nellie, shrinking back. "Stay, I have a song to sing, which you must listen to." He drew back his hand, and in a low but firm voice, she sang the little song that the beggar had so charmed her with. His fiendish glare was terrible, as Nellie concluded, the flashings from his fiery eyes made the sunbeams pale; his red hair twined around on his mishapen head, and his demon face grew as black as night.

"And now, Mr. Trip-it-and-go, I have done with you," she said; "so turn your back on me forever. Let me never see your face again."

"You have played and won a dangerous game, Nellie Dunmare," he hissed. "My enemy has prevailed, and you are free!" and in an instant he was gone.

Nellie never saw or heard of the elf again; and her life was never disturbed by any pain or trouble. She and Dennis lived happy and contented ever after.

[THE END.]

BEING A POOR RELATION.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

If you have never known what it is to be a poor relation, you have missed a good deal. No man can ever know how much latent trust in God exists among his fellow men until he has kindled it into a glow by trying to borrow of his rich relations.

Did you ever feel as if you were a candle, over which an extinguisher had just been placed? Then you have never been a poor relation. Were you ever invited to "visit me sometime?"

Then you have never been a poor relation.

Have you ever known the time when Angelina found it "such a trial" to visit you once a year—you who lived but four miles away—while at the same time a journey of one hundred miles to Mrs. Golddeck's was looked upon as "perfectly delightful?"

Then you have never been a poor relation.

Have you ever known what it is to have a sick wife, a mortgaged farm, five children, the fever in haying time, and the rheumatism in winter, and then have people wonder "why on earth John's folks don't get along better?"

Then, thank your lucky stars, you have never been a poor relation.

PATRIOTISM was sometimes carried to extremes by the people of 1776. Abbott's "Revolutionary Times" records that Mr. Jacob Vreedenburgh, barber, of New York, received the formal thanks of the New York Sons of Liberty "for his firm, spirited and patriotic conduct in refusing to complete an operation, vulgarly called shaving, which he had begun on the face of Captain Croser, commander of the 'Empress of Russia,' one of His Majesty's transports now lying in the river; but most fortunately and providentially was informed of the identity of the gentleman's person when he had about half-finished the job."

What kills men is discouragement. It is sitting down under trouble that destroys men; it is standing up and mocking trouble that enables men to go through it without harm.

MEMORIAL FLOWERS.

BY GILBERT WYNNE.

'Twas summer when my sister died,
And then I saw them place
Fair lilies in her folded hands,
And in her soft hair's silken bands
Around her pale, sweet face.

Then blame not if I turn away
From blossoms others prize;
When in the Summer's balmy hours
I see the lily's waxen flow'rs,
My tears unbidden rise.

There is a pleasant English home,
Where brightest roses grow;
Amidst the ivy wreaths they climb,
And where the jasmine garlands twine
Their blushing clusters glow.

I know that home is mine no more,
Yet once I loved it best;
And so I always like to wear
The starry jasmine in my hair
And roses on my breast.

Most loved of all my girlhood's friends,
It was the sweet Springtide
When last by that clear woodland stream
I, ling'ring, watched day's dying gleam,
And thou wert by my side.

Bright flow'rs were round us, and the breeze
Their odorous petals fanned;
I seem to scent the perfume now
Of those first violet buds which thou
Clasped in thy slender hand.

Though dear to all the violet's breath,
It dearest is to me;
As long as its sweet scent shall last,
My memory will recall the past,
And I shall think of thee.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

It was about half-way between midnight and morning, just when the night is coldest, most silent, most dismal, that the Squire called Cynthia to his bedside. He had been a little more restless than usual, and had wandered more between his snatches of broken sleep; had talked of his wild youth, naming old friends, old loves, long dead and half-forgotten.

"What was the name of that fellow who supped with us at the 'Blue Posts?'" he asked, eagerly. "You know, don't you? a man with big whiskers and a belcher handkerchief—a fighting man."

Cynthia knelt down by the bed and took his cold hand, and chafed it gently. There was a sharp ring in his voice which she had never heard before.

"That's a good girl, Polly; yes, my hand's very cold. You always had a good heart, Polly; but too fond of spending money. Yes, Polly, better marry the cheesmonger. He means well."

Then the dull eyes turned suddenly on Cynthia, with slowly returning consciousness.

"Is it you, child? And you say God loves sinners?"

"God loves all things that He has made," answered Cynthia, earnestly; "and Christ died to save sinners. If you repent of all your sins, dear Mr. Pentreath, and believe in that atoning Sacrifice."

"I'm sorry I did'nt live a better life, and that I hadn't a daughter like you," said the Squire, faintly; and, letting his head sink softly upon Cynthia's breast, he quietly loosened his feeble hold upon this mortal life, and passed into the unknown land beyond it.

Not at first did Cynthia know that this was death; and when the truth dawned upon her, she uttered no cry, gave way to neither terror nor agitation, but gently laid the lifeless head upon the pillow, and went quietly to tell Oswald Pentreath that he was fatherless.

She was surprised, even in this awful moment, to see that his door was ajar, and a light burning in his room. She knocked, and he answered at once "Come in."

"Why has he been sitting up?" she wondered.

He was sitting at a table with an open book before him, the candles burned down to the sockets of the old plated candlesticks, his hair and dress disordered as if he had been lying down, his eyes hollow and weary-looking. He started at sight of Cynthia, but did not move from his seat or change his dejected attitude, his elbows on the table, his head leaning on his hands.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Is my father worse?"

"All his pain is over, dear Oswald. God has taken him to His rest."

"And you were with him at the last—alone—he died in your arms?"

"Yes."

"You are a saint; an angel," cried Oswald, passionately, brushing the tears from his eyes. "You came into this house as an angel of mercy—you brought life to my poor old father's darkened mind. You made his last days the sweetest he had ever known. How can I ever forget your goodness?"

"There is nothing for you to remember. I have only done my duty. How pale you look, Mr. Pentreath! this sudden loss has shocked you. He died so peacefully, and his last words were good. Is not that comforting?"

"How could his thoughts be evil with an angel at his side? Poor old man! And he is gone? Yes, it is very sudden."

"Why were you sitting up all night? Had you a presentiment that the end was so near?"

"No," with a bitter laugh. "I sat up because I have lost the knack of sleeping. My thoughts are too active, and I try to quiet them with philosophy; but I can no more read than I can sleep. My ideas travel in a circle, and always come back to the same point."

"You have been too anxious about your father," said she with a look that was half pity, half wonder.

"Yes; I am too devoted a son—that is my strong point."

"Will you go and see him?"

"Yes; and there will be people to send for, I suppose, as soon as it is light?"

He opened a shutter. The stars were pale in a cold grey sky: daybreak was at hand, and in that chilly half-light, Oswald Pentreath's haggard face looked like a ghost's.

He followed Cynthia to the Squire's room. Phœbe had roused the small household. The housekeeper was there already, and had begun the last dismal offices which life can render to death.

"I laid out your sweet mother, Mr. Pentreath," faltered the old crone. "She looked lovely in her coffin."

The old butler had gone to the village to awaken the sexton, in order that the passing bell might speedily inform Combhollow that its seigneur had departed. Phœbe stood at the bottom of the great fourpost-bed, with her apron over her face, weeping as in duty bound—not that she had loved Squire Pentreath, but because it was proper to cry at a death or a funeral. To weep for her deceased master was an obligation which, although not expressly set forth in the Catechism, was implied in the general idea of doing her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. And if the Squire, although a hard man, should have happened to do the right thing in the way of legacies and mourning, it would be a comfort to remember having honored him with these disinterested tears.

Oswald went round and kissed the cold brow of the dead, and then stood at the bedside, looking down at that unconscious clay, with a curious blank look in his own face, as if he knew not whether there were any further duty required of him. "He looked clean daft," the housekeeper said afterwards, when she and the man-servant discussed the dismal scene over a substantial breakfast.

The shutters had been opened, and the candles burned with a yellow glare in the cold grey light. Cynthia looked at her neat silver watch, Joshua's gift upon her wedding morning.

"Half-past five o'clock," she said. "I think I had better go home now, Mr. Pentreath. If Joshua should hear the passing bell, he would be coming to fetch me."

"Why not wait till he comes?" asked Oswald.

"I would rather save him the trouble. I can do no more good here."

"No you can do no more good."

She took her black mantle from a drawer, and put on her bonnet, and then went up to Oswald, who was still standing by the bed, with that helpless absent look in his face.

"Good-bye, Mr. Pentreath; I hope you will take comfort to your heart in this loss."

"I am coming with you. You cannot go home alone at this hour."

"Do you think I am afraid of the birds or the opening flowers?" Cynthia asked.

"You must not go alone."

"Come with me, if you like. Joshua will be glad to see you. You can stop to breakfast with us and see Naomi."

Cynthia thought it a work of charity to take him away from that death-chamber. Joshua could comfort and advise him.

The morning air blew in coolly when Oswald softly opened the great hall door. That clear cool light of dawn had a soothing influence; the solemn stillness of park and wood, the hollow murmur of yonder steel grey sea, flecked with whitest foam, awed and yet comforted the heart, or so it seemed to Cynthia as she walked beside her silent companion. The bell began to toll as they came from the park into the wooded lane that led down to the bay and the open space at the beginning of the high street. Each slow and dismal stroke made Cynthia shiver, as if each repetition were a surprise.

She made no attempt to console her companion during this lonely walk, which might be supposed a fitting opportunity for the expression of sympathy. If he needed human consolation, Joshua's wisdom could better measure and administer to his necessity, she thought; and, next to Joshua, Naomi would be the best, the most natural consoler.

But to Cynthia's surprise, when they came to the little green gate, Oswald refused to go in. The parlor shutters had been opened, and the household was evidently astir. She urged him to stay to breakfast, or at least to see Joshua.

"No," he said, "it is very kind of you to wish it; but I am too much upset. I would rather go back. I shall have many things to arrange. I may be wanted."

"Joshua shall come to you, then," replied Cynthia. "Good-bye."

She gave him her hand. He held it in both his own for a moment or two, looking at her with an expression full of sadness, half piteous, half pleading. He bent his head over the cold gloveless hand and kissed it. There were tears upon it when he let it go, and, with a scarcely audible blessing, he left Cynthia Haggard standing at the gate, and walked quickly back towards the Grange.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEED OF SYMPATHY.

Oswald Pentreath, having set his father's papers in order, and reduced the dusty chaos of the old Squire's private study into form, found himself, comparatively speaking, a rich man. Those long years of retirement in which Squire Pentreath had held himself aloof from all social intercourse had not been spent in vain. They left their fruit behind them in the shape of stock, and shares, and bonds, which all meant money; for Mr. Pentreath had not speculated his savings in wild ventures, but had cloven to safe investments, and had been content with a reasonable percentage. Not even for the chance of doubling his capital would he have risked it. His was not the genius of the stockjobber, but rather the plodding temper of the village miser, who puts coin to coin, and finds all-sufficient joy in the growth of his hoard.

The estate was in excellent order—every mortgage paid off—and the rental was close to three thousand a year. The Squire's investments were worth another thousand, and brought Oswald's income to an amount which, to a young man who had seldom enjoyed the unfettered use of a five-pound note, seemed inordinate wealth.

The Squire had made a will, dated the year of his son Arnold's flight, bequeathing twenty pounds a year to each of his old servants, and all the rest of his property, real and personal, to Oswald. There was no mention of the younger son. In the letter which informed Arnold of his father's death, Oswald affectionately urged his brother to give up a seafaring life and return to Combhollow, where he should have one of the farms and a thousand a year. "My father's will was evidently made in a fit of anger against you," wrote Oswald; "you must not think that I could be so unjust as to take advantage of my father's injustice and keep all for myself. No, Arnold; I am sure you know me better than to suppose me capable of such iniquity. I shall be a rich man in any case. You must have had enough of the sea by this time. Come back, my dear brother, for the sake of the good old days when we were boys together. I want you more than I can say. I love you as dearly as I did when we were children, and I was the big brother. Do you remember that summer day when we lost ourselves in Matcherly Wood, and you were so tired I was obliged to carry you home? When we had got about half way you wanted to carry me, though I was twice your size. I never pass that corner of the wood without remembering what you said, and your clinging arms round my neck, and your warm cheek next mine."

* * * * * * *

The Squire being laid with his forefathers, and honored with a handsome funeral—which was attended by many people who had detested him while living, but reverenced him as a parochial institution—life at the Grange fell back into its old quiet round, save that the door was more frequently assailed by importunate tenants, who boldly asked favors of the new lord which they would not have dared to hint at to the old one. The old servants felt that the spirit of parsimony was gone from the household, and kept a better table; but they had been so long and severely trained in economy, that extravagance was an impossibility for them, and Oswald had nothing to apprehend upon that score. For his own part, the new master had a curious feeling of freedom as he paced the dull old rooms and rattled the money in his pockets absently, wondering how it come there.

He looked very handsome and melancholy in his sable suit, and the young ladies who came to the parish church, where he worshipped alone in his big pew on Sunday mornings, thought it a hard thing that he should have engaged himself to a Methodist parson's daughter.

He attended Little Bethel of an evening, they were informed, which seemed an unmanly dallying with two creeds—to say nothing of chapel being so much less genteel than church, and a mode of salvation peculiarly adapted for the shopkeeping class, who did not mind perspiring together in a limited space, and inhaling one another's breath.

Naomi's wedding seemed a long way off in these days, when the Squire's funeral was still the newest topic in Combhollow, and when people had not left off disputing in a friendly way as to the number of the mourning coaches, or inveighing bitterly against those tenants who ought to have attended the funeral and had not done so. Shadowy and remote—the merest speck in a cloudy future—seemed that marriage-day which had once been so near the fair to-morrow of life. Oswald was quite broken down by his father's death—more grieved than even Naomi, who best knew the softness of his nature, had expected him to be. It was not likely that he could talk of marriage at such a time, and Naomi was neither surprised nor offended at his silence about the wedding which was to have been, and the far-off wedding which was to be.

She put away her wedding dress on the day of the Squire's funeral, while the sepulchral bell, which had rung out its solemn note for the passing of his soul, tolled again in the windy April weather, while, through changing lights and shadows, by fluttering young leaves, and under the blue sky where the lark was singing above the dark brown earth newly pierced by the green corn-spears—came the black funeral train—sable plumes, horses' manes, mourners' scarves tossing in the fresh April breeze—slowly winding down the hill to Combhollow.

The funeral bell was in Naomi's ears as she folded the pretty pearl-grey silk—the first silk dress she had ever possessed—shedding some quiet tears as she smoothed the folds, and laid the garment in a drawer, wrapped in fresh white linen, with a sprinkling of dried lavendar, as beseemed so precious a fabric. There was the serviceable brown cloth pelisse, too, which she was to have worn on her journey to Cheltenham, where she and Oswald were to have spent their honeymoon. That also must be put away for the days to come. Naomi's wear for the next six months was to be sombre black. She had put on mourning for her betrothed's father, as in duty bound. Cynthia also wore black, and Aunt Judith had produced a suit of ancient sable, rusty but whole, not sorry to have this opportunity of wearing out the surplus stock left from her mourning for her sister-in-law, when Joshua, in his character of grief-stricken widower, had been naturally liberal, and had allowed her to lay in large supplies of bombazine and crape.

Oswald said little about the postponed wedding, but he came to Mr. Haggard's as often as before his father's death; and even Judith, who was lying in wait for a deterioration in his character now that he had come into his fortune, could not yet put her finger on a flaw. He was changed nevertheless; but the change was sweet and commendable in his nature, as it was in Hamlet, when that young prince gave way to moodiness and despondency after the loss of a parent. He was melancholy, and often absent-minded, his cheek paler than of old, his eye heavier.

Never had Naomi loved him so tenderly as now, when, for the first time since their betrothal, he needed sympathy and consolation. To her who so deeply loved her father, this grief for a parent seemed in no wise strained or unnatural. True that the Squire had not been one's ideal of a father—not a gracious and dignified figure like that dead Hamlet who revisited the glimpses of the moon; but death has a sanctifying influence—nay, even a fantastical power, which lends new attributes to the image of the departed—and Oswald, whose youth had been made a time of restraint and deprivation by his father's meanness, was soft-hearted enough to regret his tyrant.

Never did a man seem less inclined to take advantage of a loosened rein and run into riot and extravagance. Day after day Oswald led the same calm, orderly life—riding or reading in the mornings, according to the weather; devoting his afternoons and evenings to his betrothed. He had thoughts of buying, or building, a yacht; but deferred even this indulgence in the hope of Arnold's return.

"We'll build our yacht here, in Combhollow," he said, "and Arnold shall superintend the work, and be skipper."

CHAPTER XX.

"WAS IT THE TEST OF LOVE."

Oswald looked forward to his brother's coming, with an almost feverish impatience. It seemed as if there were some innate weakness in his character which made him incapable of enjoying the privilege of independence. Now that his father was gone, he wanted his brother for a guide and adviser. Or it might be only the affection of the elder brother for the younger, made a barren love by long years of separation, which now yearned for the unforgotten companion of boyhood. Whatever feeling it was that made him anxious, Oswald's anxiety was very evident; and Naomi sympathized with him in this longing, and loved to hear him talk of his brother.

"How fond I shall be of him!" she said, one evening, when they were sitting on the bench in the wilderness, talking of Arnold. "He is like you Oswald; I have heard my father say so. He remembers you both as boys."

"Yes, we were always considered very much alike. But Arnold is stouter and stronger built than I—a man of tougher fibre altogether. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to run away to sea. You might have prophesied it of him when he was two years old. Such a hardy, bold, uncompromising little vagabond, but brimming over with affection."

"And fond of you, Oswald?"

"Fond of me! Bless his little loving heart! He used to run after me like an affectionate puppy when he first began to toddle; such a round, fat little thing in those baby days, always ready for fisticuffs in my defence, though I was twice his size. There was a time when he would not go to sleep of a night unless I sat on the edge of his bed and told him stories. Yes, I have good reason to love him; dear fellow, and the strongest claim he has upon my love is my latest memory of my mother, when I saw the sweet pale face lying on the pillow, and Arnold's baby eyes looking up at it."

The tears came to his eyes as he spoke of that sad memory, almost dreamlike in its remoteness. Naomi put her hand in his without a word. Only by that gentle touch did she remind him that it was her mission to share all his griefs, even the old unforgotten sorrows of his earliest days.

It was a mild May evening—an evening on the edge of summer—with a perfect calmness in atmosphere and sky—an evening on which the soul broods on sad, sweet thoughts. The lovers had been sitting alone for an hour or more, talking by fits and starts, with lengthening intervals of silence.

"My father has been dead five weeks, hasn't he, Naomi?" Oswald asked, after a long pause, during which Naomi's needle had been methodically travelling along a fine linen wristband, leaving a line of pearly stitches behind it. The manufacture of a shirt for her father was a work of high art with Naomi.

"Yes, dear; five weeks yesterday."

"Then in seven weeks more we must be married Naomi," said Oswald, as seriously as he had spoken of his mother's death.

This was his first word about the postponed marriage, and it startled Naomi as if it had been the most unlikely subject for a lover's discourse.

"So soon, dear?"

"Three months, Naomi. Surely that is long enough to wait out of respect to the dead. It is not as if we meant to have a grand wedding. We will just walk quietly into the old parish church some morning, with your father and his wife, and Aunt Judith and Jim, and there shall be a postchaise at the lych gate, ready to drive us to Cheltenham. Let me see, this is the twenty-fourth of May. We might be married early in July. Why should we wait any longer?"

"Dear Oswald, you must know I have hardly a wish that is not yours" Naomi began, seriously.

"I know you are all goodness."

"But——"

"But what, love?"

"I have fancied—it may be nothing more than fancy perhaps, but you must not be angry with me for speaking of it—I have fancied lately that there was some change in your feeling for me; it is not that you have been less kind and affectionate, yet I have felt the change. You remember how my father wished that we should be very sure of each other's sincerity. That is why he wanted us to wait two years before we were even engaged. The two years have not gone yet; and if—if the change has come—the change he thought likely, He who knows the human heart and its weakness—let us loosen the bond, dear Oswald. There shall be no word of complaint from me—I should neither blame you nor think ill of you, dear love—I should honor you for being frank and truthful with me—and keep the memory of our happy days as the most sacred part of my life—and be your affectionate friend to my death."

"Best, noblest, dearest, you are only too good for me!" cried Oswald, clasping his betrothed, moved to a rapture of reverence and regard for her generous kindness. "No, I have never changed to you—no, I could never change in my esteem, my admiration for all that is highest in woman. Do you remember those verses of Waller's, dear:

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

You are my Amoret, dearest. What do I want with Sacharissa's beauty, 'which to madness doth incline'?"

"But you ought to go to London now that you are free and rich; you ought to see the world, Oswald, and in London you may meet your Sacharissa," suggested Naomi, radiant with happiness.

She had said what had long been in her mind to say. She had made her offer of self-sacrifice, in all good faith, and it had been rejected. She had no further fear or hesitation.

"I don't care about London, love. It is nothing but a den of thieves, according to my father's description. When I see it we will see it together, and go to the Tower, and St. Paul's, and the waxworks, and Westminster Abbey, like regular country cousins. Come, Naomi, let us be serious and talk about the future. There is the old house to be brigthened and smartened a little before I take my wife home to it. I should have had much ado to screw a new carpet and a coat of whitewash out of my father; but I am master now, and I can pull down the Grange and build an Italian villa after Palladio, if you like."

"Dear Oswald, you must know that I would not have you disturb a stone of the old house."

"In good faith, dear, I shouldn't care to do it. It is the house my mother lived and died in, the first house my eyes saw, the house where my brother was born, the only house that has ever been home to me, though, Heaven knows, it has been but a cheerless home at times. No, we won't alter, Naomi, we will only beautify. I have been too idle all this time. I will send to Exeter for an architect and put the business in his hands at once."

The architect arrived on the scene about a week later, and made a somewhat supercilious inspection of the good old house, which had seemed to its occupiers solid enough to last for another three hundred years; but which, according to the architect, was in a very perilous condition. He tapped the oak panels contemptuously, pronounced the flooring of the upper stories too worm-eaten for anything save entire reinstatement, feared that the whole fabric required under-pinning, and took an altogether despondent view of the matter.

"You want the thing done thoroughly, I suppose, Mr. Pentreath," he said.

"I should like the drawing-room painted, and the sitting-room up-stairs; and if you could build a greenhouse anywhere——"

"Of course, of course—you must have a conservatory opening out of the drawing-room. If we were to glaze that western end, now, and throw out a rotunda at the end for tropical plants, palms and so on, you know. I did the same thing for Sir Brydes Baldry's place on the other side of Exeter, and it had a charming effect. I'll make you a sketch if you like!"

"You are very good," said Oswald, dubiously; but I don't think my father would have liked——"

He had conscientious scruples about spending so much money—squandering hundreds of pounds upon fanciful improvements—not that he set undue value upon the money himself, but from the thought of what an agony of indigination such an outlay would have caused his father. Rotundas, forsooth! Could that lean old miser lie quiet in his grave while his beloved guineas were being wasted on such trumpery?

"Really, now, Mr. Pentreath," said the architect, with the easy assurance of a professional man employed by the best families, "I should imagine the question was not so much what your father would have liked, were he living to enjoy his opinion, but what will please your wife when you bring her home here. Rather a dismal house for a young lady, I should think. A circular conservatory, now, at the end of this drawing-room, would have an enlivening effect. As it is, there is a meanness about the room; long and narrow, no variety, no relief. But you must please yourself. Shall we go to the boudoir?"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER.

The room which the architect insisted on calling a boudoir, was the pretty parlor on the first floor which Mrs. Pentreath had used. Here the professional adviser suggested so many improvements—marble mantelpiece and a more civilized stove, French windows and a balcony, an alcove built out at the end for a statue, with a painted glass window behind it—that Oswald felt as if the Grange were going to be improved off the face of the earth unless he made a bold stand against the improver.

"This was my mother's room," he said. "I wouldn't alter it for the world."

The architect shrugged his shoulders and felt inclined to ask, "Then what do you want me for, sir, if you have made up your mind to keep your money in your pockets?" But there were certain things about which the architect was arbitrary—flooring which must be taken up, warped and shrunken oaken panels which must be replaced by new ones, passages and servants' offices which must be altered and improved to adapt them to the requirements of a more civilized form of life.

"Think of the change which has taken place in our habits," exclaimed the architect, conclusively.

Oswald submitted, and a voluminous specification was the result of the interview. This in due course was submitted to a builder of Barnstaple and a builder of Exeter; whereupon the Exeter builder, as the man of more advanced views and larger capital and credit, won the day; and about a fortnight afterwards sent a small army of white-jacketed men to Pentreath Grange, who took the place in hand, and made haste to render it utterly odious and uninhabitable. Oswald contrived to sleep in the old house, shifting his quarters as the men followed him from room to room, now taking out his windows, anon cutting a rotten patch of his ceiling, and descending upon him, like Jove, in a shower of plaster.

Having no home of his own at this period of disruption, he spent his days in the house of his betrothed, sharing the minister's homely fare, hearing all Aunt Judith's complaints about the general incapacity of her subordinates, and spending long and quiet hours talking or reading aloud in the neat parlor where Naomi and her stepmother sat at work.

"What women you are for plain needlework!" he exclaimed one warm afternoon in a sudden burst of impatience, wearied by the rhythmical movement of the two needles methodically stitching on, no matter how passionate the subject of his reading—whether Rebecca was standing on the verge of the castle parapet, or Constance de Beverly left to perish in her living grave. "I never saw anything like your perpetual industry. One would suppose it were a kind of feminine treadmill, by which you do penance for your sins."

"We have nothing else to do," said Cynthia, with a faint sigh. "Naomi is teaching me to make her father's shirts; if I could not do that, I could do nothing for him. But I'm afraid my stitching will never be so good as Naomi's."

Oswald looked out of the window listlessly across the row of stocks and carnations in red flower-pots. It was a mid-summer afternoon, warm to oppressiveness. There was a perfume of newly-cut hay from the meadows behind the First and Last, a faint breath from distant beanfields in flower, the warm air heavy as with the incense Earth offers to her goddess Summer. The bricklayers were hard at work up at the Grange, and there was a run upon that thin and sour cider which had been the old Squire's household beverage, and which nothing less than very warm weather and honest toil could render acceptable to the human palate.

Oswald had an air of being tired of life this afternoon, as he threw himself back in his chair, and sighed, and stifled a yawn, and looked far away across the haycocks yonder. Naomi glanced up at him now and then from her work, with grave, observant eyes. It seemed to her that there was a jarring chord somewhere. He was not happy. And how was it, and why was it? Not grief for his father's death, surely; that cloud had passed. Impatience for his brother Arnold's return, perhaps. That seemed likely.

There was no idea now of the marriage being early, or late, in July. The improvements and reparations at the Grange would not be finished till October at the earliest, and Oswald must have his house ready before he could take to himself a wife. Naomi felt that the wedding was still far off.

"I shall bring you a new book to-morrow afternoon," said Oswald, rousing himself from his reverie.

"By the author of "Waverley"?"

"No, you cannot have a new novel by the author of "Waverley" every day, though he writes two, and sometimes three, a year. This is quite a different kind of book—a study of the human heart—a man's great sorrow described by himself. He was coward enough to let the sorrow make an end of him, instead of making an end of his sorrow—strangling it as Hercules strangled the snakes in his cradle—as a brave man would have done, no doubt, with a short laugh, half scorn, half bitterness."

"Is it a book that a Christian may read?" asked Naomi. "But I am sure you would not bring us any book in which there were evil thoughts."

"There are no evil thoughts in this—only an irresistible fate governing a weak soul. There is no sin in the book—only foolishness and overmastering sorrow."

"What is it called?"

"The "Sorrows of Werther," a translation from the German of Goethe, a book that set Germany in a blaze many years ago, but which I never saw till the other day. I bought the volume at a bookstall in Exeter, when I went over to settle with the builders."

The reading of "Werther" began on the following afternoon, in the wilderness. Naomi and her lover was alone, Cynthia having gone to sit with an old woman of the flock, whose frame was a kind of museum for the exhibition of interesting varieties in the rheumatic line.

Oswald looked disappointed at losing one of his auditors.

"I thought Mrs. Haggard would have liked "Werther," he said.

"She always reads to old Mrs. Pincote on Wednesday afternoons. She said you were to begin the book all the same—she would enjoy hearing any part of it. But if you would rather not begin to-day——"

"My unselfish Naomi! No, dear, I shall read to you. It is of your pleasure I think at all times, you know, Naomi."

"You are too good to me."

Oswald began rather lazily, and dawdled so much over the pages—stopping to talk now and then, and stopping to yawn very often—that he got no farther than the threshold of the story when five o'clock struck from the old grey tower, and it was time to go back to the house for tea.

"I'm afraid you don't find it very interesting so far," said Oswald.

"It is not like "Ivanhoe," or the "Antiquary," replied Naomi; but it is very pretty. The young man seems kind and amiable—fond of children—warmly attached to his friend—fond of picturesque scenery."

"Yes, he is all that. It is a picture painted in delicate half tints at the beginning—the strong colouring comes afterwards."

They went into the woods next day for their afternoon ramble, Cynthia accompanying them, and Oswald carrying "Werther" in his pocket. They peeped in at the Grange on their way. It looked a chaos of raw plaster and new deal, and did not invite a long inspection. Oswald had consented to the rotunda for tropical plants, and one end of the long drawing-room was open to the daylight.

"You are going to be mistress of quite a handsome mansion, Naomi, and will have to play the great lady," said Oswald, laughing at the look of consternation with which his betrothed contemplated the improvements.

"That I shall never be able to do, Oswald."

"There I can't agree with you. Nature intended you for a person of importance. There are only a few details to be learnt—how to issue invitations, the precedence of your guests, to drive a pair of ponies, to play the Lady Bountiful with discretion, and so on. I have more to learn as country squire than you as the squire's wife."

"I wish Providence had not made you so rich, Oswald. It seems ungrateful to repine at blessings, but if you had been my equal in birth and fortune I should have been the happiest of women."

"It will be very ungrateful of you if you are not the happiest of women with that rotunda," said Oswald, gaily; and then they went across the park—it was to be really a park in future, and Oswald was eager to introduce a herd of deer—and from the park into the tangle of greenery, amid the ever-shifting lights and shadows of the wood.

Here they found a ferny bank, more luxurious than any sofa, on which the two girls sat down to work, while Oswald lay on the grass at their feet, and resumed the story of Werther. He read long, and read well, losing his own identity in that of the melanchoy hero. He came to the pretty house on the skirts of the forest, and the picture of Charlotte cutting bunches of black bread for the eager little brothers and sisters before setting out for the ball. That innocent image of youth and beauty was something new to the listeners. Not even in the pages of Scott had they met with so pure and perfect a picture of womanhood.

Then came the rustic dance, and the thrill of rapture that moved Werther's breast when his hand touched the maiden's for the first time, and floated in the waltz with her, and felt a lightness he had never known before, as if he no more belonged to grovelling humanity; the consciousness of sorrow and loss when he heard that she was pledged to another—the thunderstorm—the simple, childish games by which Charlotte beguiled the terrors of her companions—the whole description as artless as Goldsmith's pictures of the Primrose family, but with a ground-swell of passion below the placid surface which Goldsmith knew not.

"And since that time sun, moon, and stars may go their ways; I know not day from night: the world around me has vanished."

Cynthia's work dropped on her lap. She sat with her large blue eyes fixed on the reader, her lips slightly parted; all her soul in that listening look. For the first time she heard the story of a love that was fatal—not like Rebecca's unrequited passion, elevating and strengthening the soul by the ordeal of a silent sorrow—but an over-mastering love taking possession of a weak nature, and holding it as the seven devils held their fated prey.

And this was what love meant sometimes in the world; not a reverential affection, not gratitude, esteem, respect, such as she had given to Joshua, and which had made marriage with him seem the highest honour that Providence could bestow—but blind, unreasoning passion—a fire kindled in a moment, and consuming the soul. She knew that Werther would never be happy again. She longed intensely to follow that devious path of his; to know if he struggled and conquered, or yielded and fell. She found herself wishing some evil fate—at least a convenient fever or merciful consumption—for Charlotte's excellent betrothed.

"No. I do not deceive myself! I read in her eyes a deep interest in me and my fate. Yes, I feel, and in this I will trust my own heart, that she—oh! dare I, can I, breathe the Heaven in those words? I feel that she loves me!"

At these words Oswald closed the book suddenly, with a sigh.

"Will you read to us again after tea?" she asked, eagerly, when the inexorable church clock warned them that they had but just time to be punctual in their attendance at the tea-table.

"I thought you would like the book," said Oswald.

"It is beautiful," she sighed.

He looked up at her, and their eyes met. Dangerous for such eyes so to meet, such thoughts in the minds of each, such disquiet in either heart. Cynthia's delicate colour had faded to ivory pale before that lingering look had ended. Fatal book, which told them what was amiss in their lives!

They walked home for the most part in silence, though Oswald tried to be merry about the rotunda, and the tremendous things that the Exeter architect was doing with the Grange, half against its owner's will. His gaiety had a forced sound, and Naomi looked at him wonderingly. Why was it that since his father's death he had been so unlike his old self—so fitful and variable?

After tea they went to the wilderness, and sat there while the soft summer light faded gently into grey evening, and the bats skimmed to and fro above their heads, and distant nightingales called to each other in the woods. Oswald read into the heart of the book—read until Werther's passion had grown from dawn to mid-day—from a rose-colored dream of innocence and beauty, pure as morning, to the lurid gloom of a thunder-charged sky.

The earliest stars were up, silver pale, when he shut the book without a word. Joshua Haggard came through the little orchard and looked at the group with a grave smile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HABIT OF READING.—"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book-perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It is not the books that we finish at a sitting that always do us the most good. Those we run through in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested, than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

GREATNESS lies, not in being strong, but in the right using of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it serves only to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is the greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.

Promise and Performance.

The proprietors of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters promise nothing in behalf of this famous tonic and regulating elixir which it will not perform. No pretensions irreconcilable with common sense are made in reference to it, but evidence of the most positive nature has been accumulating for over a quarter of a century in its behalf which proves it to be a reliable preventive and curative of malarial diseases, an efficient and genial tonic and general corrective, and specially valued in cases where the bowels, liver, stomach or urinary organs are affected. Debility, the source from whence so many bodily evils spring, is entirely remedied by the invigorative action of the Bitters, which arrests premature decay and repairs losses of nervous and muscular power while improving the appetite and rendering digestion easy.

We are happy to bear testimony to the superior management of the American House, Boston. Order, neatness and comfort reign throughout the establishment in all its parts. Boston will doubtless be crowded with visitors this summer, and all will find at the "American" facilities for comfortable enjoyment such as are offered at few first-class hotels.

FOR DEBILITY.

Arising from over-exertion, sickness, or from any cause whatever. SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC is a valuable remedy, containing the nourishing and life-supporting properties of many natural productions; its strengthening properties are truly wonderful. A single bottle will demonstrate its value.

Prepared by Dr. S. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale by all druggists.

A SUPERIOR FARM

In ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK, is offered for sale, CHEAP. It contains 117 acres of excellent land, suitable for either grain or grass. Has a fair dwelling house, two good barns, large orchard, 27 acres of woodland, balance in meadow, pasture and plowed crops. Located two miles from depot on New York and Oswego Midland Railroad. Is unexcelled for healthfulness and beauty of prospect.

TERMS EASY. For particulars address

W. A. FITCH,
726 SANSOM STREET, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime.—Persons who have been taking Cod Liver Oil will be pleased to learn that Dr. Wilbor has succeeded, from directions of several professional gentlemen, in combining the pure oil and lime in such a manner that it is pleasant to the taste, and its effects in lung complaints are truly wonderful. Very many persons whose cases were pronounced hopeless and who had taken the clear oil for a long time without marked effect, have been entirely cured by using this preparation. Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARMORE, Lock-box 905, Covington, Ky.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

POND'S EXTRACT.

The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for Pond's Extract. Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great Vegetable Pain Destroyer. Has been in use over thirty years, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN.—No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains, are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains of Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns, etc. Arrests inflamation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discolorations and heals rapidly.

FEMALE WEAKNESSES.—It always relieves pain in the back and loins, fullness and pressing pain in the head, nausea, vertigo.

IN LEUCORRHŒA it has no equal. All kinds of ulcerations to which ladies are subject are promptly cured. Fuller details in book accompanying each bottle.

PILES—blind or bleeding—meet prompt relief and ready cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate, can long resist its regular use.

VARICOSE VEINS.—It is the only sure cure for this distressing and dangerous condition.

KIDNEY DISEASES.—It has no equal for permanent cure.

BLEEDING from any cause. For this is a specific. It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from nose, stomach, lungs, and elsewhere.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Toothache and Earache are all alike relieved, and often permanently cured.

PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for Swellings of all kinds, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils, simple and chronic Diarrhœa, Catarrh, (for which it is a specific,) Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes, etc., Chapped Hands, Face, and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE.—Removes Soreness, Roughness, and Smarting; heals Cuts, Eruptions, and Pimples. It revives, invigorates, and refreshes, while wonderfully improving the Complexion.

TO FARMERS.—Pond's Extract. No Stock Breeder, no Livery Man can afford to be without it. It is used by all the Leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and first Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for Sprains, Harness or Saddle Chafings, Stiffness, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleeding, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds, etc. Its range of action is wide, and the relief it affords is so prompt that it is invaluable in every Farm-yard as well as in every Farm-house. Let it be tried once, and you will never be without it.

CAUTION.—Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine article has the words Pond's Extract blown in each bottle. It is prepared by the only persons living who ever knew how to prepare it properly. Refuse all other preparations of Witch Hazel. This is the only article used by Physicians, and in the hospitals of this country and Europe.

HISTORY AND USES OF POND'S EXTRACT, in pamphlet form, sent free on application to **POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY,** 98 Maiden Lane, New York.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE of IRON

This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system and prolongs life. Everybody should have it. For the cure of Weak Stomachs, General Debility, Indigestion, Diseases of the Stomach, and for all cases requiring tonic. This wine includes the most agreeable and efficient salt of Iron we possess—Citrate of Magnetic Oxide, combined with the most energetic vegetable tonics—Yellow Peruvian Bark.

Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do try KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON.
I only ask a trial of this valuable tonic.

Beware of counterfeits, as Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is the only sure and effectual remedy in the known world for the permanent cure of Dyspepsia and Debility, and as there are a number of imitations offered to the public, I would caution the community to purchase none but the genuine article, manufactured by E. F. Kunkel, and having his stamp on the cork of every bottle. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy, proves its worth and speaks volumes in its favor. Sold only in $1 bottles. Sold by Druggists and dealers everywhere.

Tape Worm Removed Alive.

Head and all complete, in two hours. No fee till head passes. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. Kunkel, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular. For removing all ordinary worms, call on your druggist and get a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price, $1.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED. $40 to $60 a week and Expenses, or $100 forfeited. All the new and standard Novelties and Chromos, Prize Packages, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Special terms given to Agents everywhere. We send Valuable Samples with Circulars of our Goods Free to all. L. FLETCHER, 111 Chambers street, N. Y.

30 BON-TON or Centennial Cards, with name, 25c. Postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Renss. Co.

3.50 REVOLVER, 7 Shot.—Cheapest and Best Self-working Revolver made. Full nickel plated 7-shot, sent by mail, postpaid on receipt of money order or registered letter for $3 50. Address all letters to J. S. PARDEE, 411 5th av., New York.

A BIG CHANCE FOR MONEY. NEW NOVELties and chromos and jewelry, stationery packages &c. Address National Novelty Co., 401 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

SKETCHING from Nature, in Pencil and Water Colors, and Drawing and Painting in Colored Crayons; a practical instructor, illustrated, only 30 cents. Of booksellers or by mail. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$3000 CASH. HEALTHIEST PLACE IN the U. S. Very pretty farm of 23½ acres, well fruited. Good house, barn, outbuildings, horse, wagons, chickens, turkeys, ducks, &c. A beautiful stream runs through the grounds. Good private reasons given for selling. Apply to T. W., Box 277, Vineland, N. J.

A NOVELTY. Your name printed on 50 Transparent Cards, containing a scene when held to the light, (50 designs) sent post paid for 25 cents; 5 packs 5 names, $1. No other card printer has the same. Agents wanted; outfit 10 cts. CARD PRINTER, LOCK BOX 11, Ashland Mass.

AGENTS make big money selling our Campaign Badges, Elegant Portraits and Printed on all-silk Ribbon. Do not waste your money on trashy goods, but get the best. Sample dozen mailed free on receipt of 60 cents. A liberal discount on orders of 50 dozen. Address Jeffras, Seeley & Co., 90 West Fourth street, Cincinnati.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1, free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

PATENT OPEN-WORK BANNERS, FLAGS and POLITICAL PORTRAITS, to order by HOJER & GRAHAM, 97 Duane St., New York.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

$77 A WEEK to Agents. Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

STILL AHEAD.—Your name neatly printed on 50 nice Bristol Cards for 15 cts.; 50 Granite, 20 cts.; 30 Acquaintance Cards, 15cts.; elegant Card Cases, 10 and 15cts. each. Standard Card Co., Brockton, Mass.

READERS Writing to advertisers who advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST please say where you saw the advertisement.

IN SEASON.

NOW DURING THE HOT SEASON, send thirty cents and receive by mail, prepaid, a package of WHITE'S ENGLISH GINGER BEER POWDER, which will make you four gallons of the wholesomest and most refreshing summer drink in the world. Directions, very simple, on the labels. Address C. E. WHITE, Plymouth Co., North Middleboro, Mass. AGENTS WANTED.

Men are earning $40 to $120 per week !! selling

OUR COUNTRY AND ITS RESOURCES.

Complete in the thrilling history of 100 eventful years, also of the great "Exhibition"—grand in description of our mighty resources in agriculture, commerce, minerals, manufactures, natural wonders, curiosities, etc., all richly illustrated. A 'Century' Map and "Bird's-Eye View" free. Sells marvellously fast. 1000 more agents wanted quickly for this and our standard "LIFE OF LIVINGSTONE," 60,000 already sold, also new Bible, 2,000 illust. Has no equal. For extra terms write to HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, O; Chicago, Ill; Springfield, Mass.

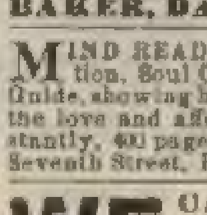
IMPORTANT !!

We give the SOCIAL VISITOR, LARGEST and BEST story paper in the country, 3 months on trial, and pair sleeve button, and gold plated collar stud for 15 Cts. "Social Visitor Co." Boston, Mass. box 3139.

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make $20 a week, without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. AGENTS' SUPPLY Co., 261 Bowery, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE GREAT CENTENNIAL HISTORY

It sells faster than any other book ever published. One Agent sold 61 copies in one day. Send for our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



AGENTS WANTED.

Men or women. $34 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable, with no risks. A 16 page circular and valuable samples free. Do not delay, but write at once on postal card to F. M. REED, 8th St., New York.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS 40 ILLUSTRATIONS 20 Parts at 30c ea. AGENTS WANTED.

FIRESIDE EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. The cheapest Book ever offered to the public. Large Type, Fine Illustrations and Paper. SPECIMEN, with 2 illustrations, by mail, for 10c. BAKER, DAVIS & CO., Philadelphia.

MIND READING, PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINAtion, Soul Charming, Mesmerism, and Marriage Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose instantly, 400 pages. By mail 50c. Hunt & Co., 139 S. Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

WE CAN'T BE BEAT. 20 handsome Address Cards, no two alike, your name on them all for 10 cts. and stamp. A large spicy paper and list of all styles with order, or paper and samples for 3 cts. G. B. ULLMAN, 12 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

AMERICAN PROGRESS. A Ready Reference Manual of National Facts and Figures. 500 Pages, 50 Engs. $3. Ag'ts wanted, big pay. Edited by Rev. E. O. Haven D.D. Ltd. Chancellor Syracuse University, formerly Pres. Michigan University. E. B. TREAT, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

BANKRUPT SALE.

OF MILTON GOLD JEWELRY.
ENTIRE STOCK MUST BE SOLD IN 30 DAYS.

Everybody has heard of MILTON GOLD JEWELRY it having been sold in this market for the last ten years, and worn by the best and richest class of our population. Still it takes an expert jeweller to discover MILTON gold from VIRGIN gold. We will send for the next thirty days ONLY the following articles by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents.

ONE PAIR ELEGANT SLEEVE BUTTONS, with Independence Hall engraved, retail price	$1 00
ONE SET SPIRAL SHIRT STUDS	75
ONE BEAUTIFUL CORAL SCARF PIN, retail price	75
ONE ELEGANT GENT'S WATCH CHAIN, latest pattern, retail price	1 50
ONE COLLAR BUTTON, retail price	50
ONE ELEGANT WEDDING RING, very heavy, retail price	3 00
Total	$6 50

Remember we will send you the above named six articles, which we have retailed for $6.50, by mail, postpaid for 50 cents, or 4 sample lots for $1.50, and 12 sample lots for $4.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address W. W. BELL & CO., Importers of Watches and Jewelry, 8 North 7th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please state where you saw this advertisement.

Cheap Guns for the People.

Rifles Single or Repeating of Best Makes at all prices from $8 to $50.
Shot Guns Double and Single Muzzle and Breech Loading, $3 to $250.
Revolvers 5, 6 or 7 Shooters for ball and cap, or metal cartridges, $3.50 to $25.
Call and see or write for illustrated price list.
GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 285 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$100 INVESTED HAS PAID A PROFIT OF $1,700 during the past few months, under our improved system of operating in Stocks. Book containing full information sent on application. TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 2 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

CHRONIC Diseases Cured. New paths marked out by that plainest of all books—"Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense,"—nearly 1,000 pages, 200 illustrations, by DR. E. B. FOOTE, of 120 Lexington Ave., N. Y. Purchasers of this book are at liberty to consult its author in person or by mail, free. Price by mail, postage prepaid, $3.25. Contents tables free. Agents wanted. MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING Co. (JOHN P. JEWETT, Manager), 129 East 28th St., N. Y.

SLATE MANTELS

ESTABLISHED 1852.

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order. Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 Ridge Avenue. WILSON & MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANAMAKER & BROWN MEN & BOYS CASH ONE PRICE GUARANTEE MONEY RETURNED CLOTHING S.E. COR. 6th & MARKET STS. PHILAD'A

NB WAX FLOWER MATERIAL in every variety, at lowest prices. Just published, "Wax Flower Making without a Teacher," the only practical work on this subject, price post-paid, 50 cts; given free, with an order for $2.50 worth of material. Box of material and instructions for making several fine vines of Ivy Leaves, post-paid, 50 cts. 100 Decalcomanie pictures, 10 cts. 10 Gem Chromos, 10 cts. 20 Embossed pictures, 10 cts.; choice samples of either, 10 cts. 48 page catalogue sent free with every order. Agents wanted. J. L. PATTEN & CO., 149 William Street, New York.

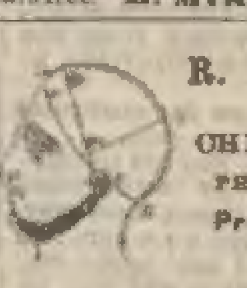
NEW BOOK DR. CHASE'S Family Physician and SECOND RECEIPT BOOK is the only New Book by Dr. A. W. Chase, author of Dr. Chase's famous Receipts, etc. Beware of a reprint of the old book in imitation of the genuine new book here announced. Sells at sight. Agents wanted. Sample Copies Two Dollars. Address CHASE PUBLISHING COMPANY, TOLEDO, Ohio, Sole Publishers.

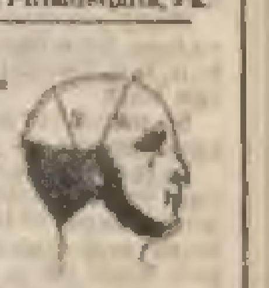
SAMARITAN NERVINE

Is a sure cure for Epileptic Fits, Convulsions and Spasms. It has been tested by thousands and never was known to fail in a single case. Trial Package free. Inclose stamp for circular giving evidence of cures. Address, Dr. S. A. RICHMOND, Box 741 St. Joseph Mo.

ASTHMA Smithnight's Asthma Remedy—the only sure remedy, is sold under a positive guarantee. Price $1.00 per package. Sample packages free. Address, Louis Smithnight, Chemist, Cleveland, O.

FREE Watches to Agents who will sell our Centennial Stationery Packages. It contains 18 sheets Paper, 18 Envelopes, Golden Pen, Penholder, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with pair of elegant Sleeve Buttons, post-paid, 25c. Circulars free. M. MIKOLAS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.





R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

Agents wanted for a new, permanent, and respectable business, in which any active man or woman can easily make $5 to $10 a day. One who had never canvassed before made $7.00 in 4 hours; an experienced agent made $72.75 in 15 hours. Particulars free. C. A. CLEGG, Manager, 38 Dey Street, N.Y. "We know C. A. Clegg to be responsible and reliable, and think he offers Agents extraordinary inducements."—N. Y. Weekly Sun, April 19, 1876.

$5 TO $10 A DAY SURE.

Clarke's Anti-Bilious Compound (A B C)

Never fails to give a good appetite. It purifies the blood, and restores to the Liver its primitive health and vigor. It is the best remedy in existence for the cure of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhea, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Jaundice, Consumption, Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Fever and Ague, General Debility, Nervous Headache, and Female Diseases.

A REWARD

Was, for three years, offered for any case of the above diseases which could not be cured by Clarke's Anti-Bilious Compound.

It is sold by nearly every druggist in the United States. Price $1.00 per bottle.

R. C. & C. S. CLARK, Cleveland Ohio.

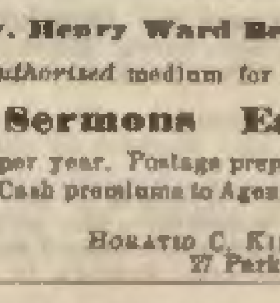
A NEW DEPARTURE. Traveling and Local Salesmen wanted every city and town in the U. S. AND CANADA to introduce our Old and Staple MANUFACTURES. $75 PER MONTH, Hotel and traveling expenses paid. Apply by letter or in person to S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

ESHLEMAN & CRAIG. SHIRTS TO ORDER.

No. 821 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
First door below Girard House.
Samples and rules for Self-measurement sent free.

WANTED Men to travel and sell goods to dealers. No peddling. $80 a month, hotel and traveling expenses paid. MONITOR MANUFACTURING Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE TICKET To Phila. (also admits to Centennial Grounds) and return, from any point in the U. S. east of Utah. This comes within the grasp of every AGENT of THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, in addition to the regular commissions paid. Certainly the GRANDEST offer ever made to CANVASSERS. Send your address, or postal card for circulars, terms, etc. Send 3 three-cent Stamps if specimen copy of paper is desired. Address CHAS. CLUCAS & CO., 14 Warren St., New York.



USE the MODEL PRESS and do all your own Printing. Price, $6 to $35. BEST IN THE WORLD For Business Men and Young Printers. Thousands in use. Send two 3 cent stamps for a profusely illustrated 50 page Catalogue and Price List, entitled, "How to Print." J. W. DAUGHADAY & Co., Mfrs. and Dealers in Type and Printing Material, 434 & 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Editor.

Sole authorized medium for the publication of His Sermons Each Week.

$3.20 per year. Postage prepaid. To Clergymen, $2.60. Cash premiums to Agents. Send for particulars.

HORATIO C. KING, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

THE NATIONAL PIANO!

THE ONLY LOW PRICE, Warranted, First-class, 7 1-3 Octave, Rosewood, Piano ever offered to the public. Send for Prices and Illustrations. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 481 Broadway, New York.

A GREAT OFFER!

During this month we will dispose of 100 new and second-hand PIANOS & ORGANS of first-class makers, including WATERS' at lower prices than ever before offered in this city. 7 Octave Pianos $185. 7 1-3 Octaves do for $195, cash, not used a year, in perfect order and warranted. Boxed and shipped. 5 Octave 4 Stop Organs, $75. 6 Stops, $85. 8 Stops, $100. 10 Stops, $125, cash, with book closets and stool not used a year, in perfect order, and warranted. Boxed and Shipped. Illustrated Catalogues mailed. AGENTS WANTED. HORACE WATERS & SONS 481 Broadway.

"THE WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGAN.—Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stop added to the Waters Reed Organ, called the Concerto Stop. It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially 'human' in its tone. It is powerful as well as sweet, and when we heard it, we were in doubt whether we liked it best in Solo or with Full Organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to the Reed Organ."—Rural New Yorker.

WAREROOMS 481 Broadway, N. Y.
HORACE WATERS & SONS,
Manf'r's and Dealers in Pianos and Organs.
PATTERSON & NEILL,
General Agents,
1223 Chestnut st., Philada, Pa.

FASHION NOTES.

At the present moment nothing in the way of costumes can be more suitable for description than those designed for the sea-shore. In accordance with the request of many of our subscribers, we will give hints concerning appropriate toilettes for sea-side places, also bathing suits.

Perhaps it would be better to commence with these latter.

Flannel has hitherto held first place in the choice of these suits for many qualities, which, indeed, are too well known to need enumeration. The newest fancy, however, is for suits of Turkish towelling, and when embroidered, quite expensive. This will commend them to many because it will prevent their becoming too common.

A very pretty one of the gray towelling is embroidered either by machine or hand in a pattern of palm leaves, outlined merely by chain stitch, and having the clusters of leaves merely wrought upon the breast, front and back of skirt. These leaves are worked in dark gray silk thread. The suit has full trowsers, or plain if preferred; A blouse, reaching to the ankles, a cap to protect the hair, sandals for the feet.

The blouse is not very full, being gored on the hips, and is belted in at the waist, with a band of the same bound with braid, and chain stitched around. The cap is something on the Martha Washington or "dust cap" pattern, being round, not full, and drawn to fit the head by a string.

The slippers or sandals have no heels, but straps, to fasten around the ankle and are embroidered on the upper part.

In some cases, the embroidery and braid used are in scarlet or blue colors, thus giving a brighter and more jaunty effect.

If flannel suits are preferred, we advise navy blue or gray twilled shaker flannel, of a coarse texture, as being better than the finer, softer variety, shedding more readily the water, and not clinging to the figure when wet.

Such a suit of dark blue, made after the pattern of the one described above, minus the embroidery, which, upon such material, would seem superfluous, will be found as serviceable and desirable a suit as could be used.

Many persons do not cover the head at all, except by a light straw, to protect from the sun, not deeming the salt water injurious to the hair.

So much for bathing suits, now for costumes appropriate for a stay at the sea side.

In the first place, let us advise you not to burden your trunks and afflict your laundresses with heaps of lawn dresses—since, however, fresh and "starchy," they may be when you put them on a few dashes of salt spray will soon wilt them, until the wearer might well be compared to a "faded" instead of a "blooming flower."

Mohair stuffs, debeges, striped and plain, of which the shops are crowded—these and a serviceable black silk are the fabrics you need. Mind now, we are not writing advice for those who go to sea shore for mere display of toilette, etc., but for those who go honestly in pursuit of health and pleasure, and who also have a pious regard for the much-tried purses of papas and husbands.

White and cream-colored lawn waists, French sacques, etc., can be worn with these heavier skirts. The evenings, especially later in the season, are cool enough to warrant putting on flannel or merino sacques over these lighter waists. These sacques may be very prettily made, after any of the graceful patterns now in vogue, and either braided or embroidered. Scarlet or pale blue are the colors generally preferred for them, although the still popular cream-color shares an equal favor with them.

A LIGHT NUBIA

or three cornered handkerchief of zephyr, done in crochet work or knitting, is another indispensable for such places.

An experienced friend also suggests a long veil or scarf of blue, gray or cream-colored silk grenadine, from two and a half to three yards long, hemmed at each end.

This is to be worn over the head and face, and gracefully draped about the neck, when promenading in the mornings on the verandahs or down by the shore. Indeed, with the added protection of a sun umbrella, it may be worn all day, or any hour of the day, during a stroll on the beach, and has the great recommendation of being very becoming.

In general items we have nothing very new to chronicle, excepting that

HATS FOR DEMI-TOILETTE

all shade the face, more or less, having rims drooping in front and upturned at the back.

A pretty one of this shape is of Leghorn, having a wider rim than an ordinary hat, and a little less than a flat. It has for trimming a folded scarf of cream-tinted grenadine, disposed in large loops at the back, and having a long veil end floating from thence. In among the loops at the back is a wing of shaded scarlet. A cluster of poppies and primroses is placed in front. A

HAT FOR FULL DRESS OCCASIONS

is of cream-colored chip, capote shape. The inside, above the forehead, has a full ruching of cream-colored tulle, mingled with pink silk bows and loops.

A soft crown of cream-color is added outside, having alternate loops of pink and cream-tinted silk at the top of and below it. A trailing spray of wild roses, with buds and seed-vessels, and leaves fall over this crown and down upon the shoulder.

We mentioned before that quite a fancy had sprung up abroad for black silk sun umbrellas lined with red silk. By recent advices we learn that this very pronounced style has seen the height of its popularity, and is now on the decline.

The black "bangles" or bracelets, with six or seven bands worn on an arm, are very popular, even more so than the silver ones, as being more becoming.

White muslin suits, made with three knife-pleatings on lower skirt, and the basque waist laid in pleats in the centre of the back and front.

A knife-pleating edges the basque, and two bows of cardinal ribbon, are placed on the hips.

A pleated pocket of muslin, with bows of ribbon, top and bottom, is placed on one side.

Neapolitan bonnets in black are very popular this season, owing to their lightness.

Jewelry of fish-scales, set in silver is gaining in popularity. It resembles pearls at a distance.

For those who can afford the expense, the Egyptian jewelry is preferred—set in dead gold, and composed of scarabic in colored stones.

White muslin drawn bonnets are worn, with veils of the same, edged with lace.

Polonaises of lace cloth, trimmed with Smyrna lace, are fashionable.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

The model which we offer this week is a light covering for the head, made of zephyr-wool; split zephyr is best, perhaps.

We prefer plain white, though the present fancy is for cream-color or pale pink.

Our model is done in shell-pattern crochet. We shall give plain directions, not heeding the usual style of puzzling folk, with technical abbreviations of "D. C.'s" and "L. C.'s."

First get your wool—three ounces being sufficient.

Make a chain of a yard and three-quarters in length. Then into every sixth stitch crochet three long stitches, and connect them by a chain of two.

For second row, crochet three long stitches in the chain of two, and connect by chain of one stitch.

Crochet four rows in this way of an equal length; then begin to decrease, one stitch off each end, until the half handkerchief shape is formed, and of a size large enough to cover well the head.

Finish off by three large flat tassels of the wool, one at every corner of the half handkerchief. This will be found very comfortable for evening wear.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Grey—Make the pique suit for your little girl with kilt-pleated skirt and deep French basque. Trim the latter with a scant ruffle of embroidery of Hamburg work. The buttons should be in a covered moulds, or else mother of pearl.

Jennie V.—No, we not think seventeen "too old" for you to wear your long and beautiful hair plaited, waved and hanging down. It has grown to be very much a fashion among young people to wear the hair hanging on the neck and we do not see what objection could be reasonably made to it. We have ventured to prove that "the glory of a woman is her long hair," and that should be an unanswerable argument in the approval of this free and floating style.

Mrs. L. J.—We cannot recommend any thing better than "sulphur soap" for the freckles and roughness of your daughter's skin. We think it a very harmless cosmetic, but cannot in these columns recommend any particular kind to use. NIMON.

If a man could be conscious of all that is said of him in his absence, he would probably become a very modest man indeed.

An unchanging state of joy is not possible on earth as it now is, because evil and error are here. The soul must have its midnight hour as well as its sunlit seasons of joy and gladness.

THE EVENING BELLS.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

Soft ring the bells in the village spire,
And the West spreads out a sea of fire;
Down by the river, beyond the wood,
The villagers dwell in brotherhood;
Afar roll the meadow lands to the sky,
And the bells are ringing the day good-bye.

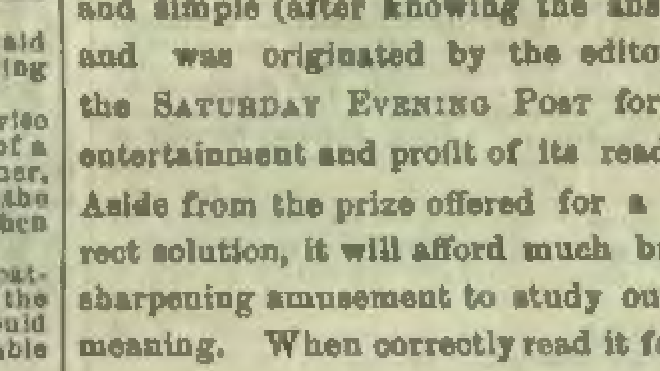
Soft ring the bells a mellow song,
And evening shadows glide along,
Like dead black beings under the trees,
And fainter grow the melodies;
Blue and dark the world, at rest,
And only a line of red in the West.

Soft ring the bells on the evening air,
Calling the resting land to prayer;
The mist bends down to the river's flow,
And along the sky a dying glow—
Thus e'en life's day lies down in the West,
When the bells shall ring us forever to rest!

THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

In order to give the many new subscribers who are coming in an opportunity to compete for the prize, we republish the puzzle below. It is plain and simple (after knowing the answer) and was originated by the editor of the SATURDAY EVENING POST for the entertainment and profit of its readers. Aside from the prize offered for a correct solution, it will afford much brain-sharpening amusement to study out its meaning. When correctly read it forms a sentence conveying an excellent suggestion. For the first right answer received from a regular subscriber to this paper before the first day of October next, the publishers will pay to the fortunate finder the sum of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.



MRS. MELVILLE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

CHAPTER V.

When Sebald Ashburnum reached home he went instantly to his chamber and locked his door. Throwing down his hat, and flinging his white gloves after it, he paced the floor like one demented.

Whither his thoughts led him through the past, I cannot say, but as they extended into the future, he flung himself into an easy chair, thoroughly exhausted, and buried his face in his hands in utter despair.

Soon he drew a girl's miniature from his bosom, a young and noble face, heaven's truth in the frank, sweet eyes.

"Lilian! Heavens! I shall go mad!"

Ay, Lilian Grey, in the truest sense his first love. She was all that was pure and sweet in woman. His companion, with her parents, on his return *voyage* to America; now in New York, awaiting his visit on the morrow.

Bitter, bitter, were his meditations till morning.

Then throwing himself upon the bed, he slept for a brief time, to awake and find a nightmare in the life and sunshine.

A few days of mental suffering wore him thin and pale. Though he did not meet Mrs. Melville again for a week, he felt the grasp of her hand upon the fetters around him. Full well he knew the daring and unscrupulous nature with which he had to deal. Let him seek to repudiate her and swift and cruel would be her revenge. Her own exposure would count for nothing, so she ruined his fair fame. It seemed as if her deep and daring game must succeed.

But how could he make Aglaia D'Arlon his *wife?* Why, she might have been his mistress had he willed! To bring such a woman to Summerhill, as its mistress was unbearable. Even could he give up his hope of sweet Lilian Grey, to bind himself to Aglaia D'Arlon was a shame and misery that would kill him! So he wore away the days and nights of a week in harassing thought.

At the end of that time the fear came upon him that Aglaia would suspect the truth. He was far enough from being prepared to give her any offence, and as this train of thought rushed through his mind he started up to prepare himself for a visit to Longfields.

But his footsteps were arrested by a silvery voice.

It was the fictitious widow of the mythical Colonel Melville advancing up the avenue with his mother, and closely engaged in conversation. The sight of her thrilled him with an electric dread.

But the serene face Mrs. Ashburnum lifted to salute him as he stood on the terrace reassured his vague fears, though anger at the association in which he found her burned hot within him.

"Mother, it is too damp for you to be out-of-doors," he said, soon. "I will return with Mrs. Melville."

In a few moments they were on the backward way, his companion, as he well knew, having come purposely to bring him to Longfields.

"Truant, when were you coming to see me?" she said, looking archly into his face.

"Soon. I did not wish to be too hasty," he said, despising himself for his deception. "I am considered a very considerate character at Monkton; no one would expect me to fall rashly in love."

"So!"

She lifted her pencilled eye-brows.

"Do you know," she said, after a moment, "I was afraid you were not coming to Longfields?"

"Not coming? When you have managed everything so adroitly?" ("What a knave I am!") aside.

It was a master stroke. Aglaia was satisfied.

On reaching Longfields, she led the way into the graceful parlors, and throwing off her wraps sat down beside him and gave him an account of her life at Monkton.

"Have I not done it well?" she asked at last.

"Wonderfully well."

"After ingratiating myself with your mother and sister, I had little more to do. I actually dreaded to meet them, but I had complete success. Your mother was all sympathy, your sister all sociability."

How Sebald Ashburnum winced, for he honored his mother, and cherished his sister with the purest feeling.

But forcing himself to listen and respond, was sore enough punishment for his folly.

"Show me the garden," he said, at last, rising. "You have made a beautiful spot here."

He could not endure the tete-a-tete longer.

She took a parasol and went out with him bareheaded.

But at the garden gate Chester Ashburnum was standing, having just tied his horse.

His brow darkened like a thunder storm, but Sebald, distracted in mind, received his angry glance with an absent eye.

Miserable enough, he strolled on one side of Mrs. Melville down the garden walk, unconscious of how Chester was frowning on the other. Marking his abstraction, Chester grew more passionately jealous than before, and the glances of reproach he threw into the *lapis lazuli* eyes beside him, could not be mistaken. Mrs. Melville affected to be carefully gathering a boquet, but her brain whirled. Could not this man's passion be turned to account by way of strengthening her hold on the heir of Summerhill? Not that she thought it weak, but jealousy on Sebald's part might precipitate matters.

So she did not make short work of Chester, as she might otherwise have done, and Sebald thereby gained a little respite from her claims upon him, and walked along in silence. He was quite glad that Chester invented a fable for taking him home with him, and pressed Aglaia's hand with a very good grace, so delighted was he to be released.

At parting she slipped a card under his fingers—"Alone Tuesday night!"—and he looked into her face with a nod of assent, and so got away.

On his return to Summerhill he found a letter from Lilian Grey awaiting him.

A sweet and modest letter—full of delicately breathed affection, and longing for his presence. He thrust it into his breast with a long, quivering breath of pain.

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning he came upon Victoria in the library, writing party invitations.

"A party?"

"It is for Mrs. Melville, Sebald. We have been entertained so much at Longfields."

"Don't!"

"Don't what!" in surprise.

"Get ink on your white sleeve," recollecting himself and turning away.

He should see her then, at Summerhill, saluted by his father, received by his mother, associating with his sister—*Aglaia D'Arlon!*

"O, the lees are bitter! *Are* these the lees? Or must I descend lower into hell?" he asked himself on his feverish pillow that night.

The evening of the party came. Sebald Ashburnum looked at the stately rooms, full of tokens of honorable and beautiful living as he had never looked at them before.

"Aglaia D'Arlon shall never reign here. I will die first!"

He knew only too well that it was ambition and not love that formed this French woman's motive. She had not, in the least, duped him a second time.

He took his place near his mother as the guests began to arrive. Aglaia D'Arlon, accompanied by Chester Ashburnum, entered. Nothing could have been fairer than her costume of lilac silk and white roses—no woman present was half as beautiful.

Sebald turned away in pain as he saw his mother's gentle hand extended towards her, and to notice, with surprise, the next moment, his brother's piercing glance.

In an instant it flashed over his mind for the first time that Chester was jealous of him!

A feeling of fretful impatience seized him. He could imagine nothing more ludicrous than that his proud brother Chester should be seeking to marry this courtezan.

He might have found more in the idea than was at first presented to him, but Victoria, radiant, blooming, snatched him by the arm:

"Sebald, did you know that Clyde Sherrington was to be here to-night?"

"Clyde—Clyde Sherrington? He is in Paris."

"No, he is not. He is here! Papa knew, and kept the secret from me. See!"

A young man, small of stature, but of piercing glance, and marked mein, stood the centre of an animated group before him. Every bright face was turned enjoyingly to listen to the utterances of the witty *savant*.

Clyde Sherrington and Sebald had been comrades in Paris. The latter advanced eagerly.

But a lady's train interposed. He drew back in time to avoid a catastrophe, and the next moment Sherrington was called to the farther end of the room.

He reached his side, at last, as the latter had caught Victoria by the hand.

"Victoria, have you—has your mother gone mad? Why is that women here?"

"Whom?"

"That blonde woman in lilac silk. Can it be that you don't know who she is?"

"Why, Clyde, what can you mean? That is our beautiful Mrs. Melville, the lady who has rented Chester's cottage this summer."

"Good heavens! if you but knew! Mrs. Ashburnum," as that lady affectionately approached him. "Do you—no, you do not know whom you have here! That woman," pointing, "is Aglaia D'Arlon, a courtezan of Paris—the mistress of the well-known actor, Lecompte!"

He spoke aloud. Mr. Ashburnum and Chester were within ear shot. They turned—a dozen others, also.

"Hush, Clyde, you are crazy! or you mistake. That lady is known here, and well-known. She is Mrs. Melville of New York," cried Mrs. Ashburnum in a trembling voice.

Without a word, Clyde Sherrington stepped to the side of the fair figure in lilac silk. The dreamy, oval face was turned on him in unconscious surprise; but, as the blue eyes met his, the others saw that exquisite profile turn deadly white.

"You?" she hissed.

"It is I, Aglaia D'Arlon. May I inquire—being the betrothed husband of the daughter of the house—what *you* are doing here?"

She breathed some bitter anathema in French, and here Mr. Ashburnum interposed:

"Madame, if you are what you profess to be, you will please prove your innocence at once. Otherwise you will relieve us of your presence as soon as possible."

"I am insulted. I will retire—I will retire at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Melville, sweeping towards the door.

With a cry of pain Victoria would have sprung after her, but Clyde Sherrington held her wrist as in a vice.

As the adventuress swept towards the door, every one she passed looked at her in amazement. All her serene beauty was gone. She wore the face of an angry tigress.

She turned once and faced the pale countenances lifted by scores towards her. Stern eyes of men, scared eyes of women opposed to her a blank battery. She sprang into the hall and fled.

The company gathered about Clyde Sherrington, then, and heard what he had to say.

He told a straight story; and then—"You knew her, Sebald, in Paris," he cried.

"I did, and had not the courage to denounce her. I know everybody will blame me: I deserve it;" was all Sebald Ashburnum could say.

The company stared for a moment, but the great fact of the fascinating Mrs. Melville turning out an impostress was the turning point which set their tongues wagging. It was with difficulty that a dispersion of the entire party was prevented, but a few considerate ones ruled the others, and everybody remained to supper.

When morning dawned, the mistress of Longfields was gone forever. Aglaia D'Arlon fled, leaving her servants unrecompensed; all her bills unpaid, and no one knew whither she went. Deeply veiled, she took the morning stage from Monkton, scarcely before a soul in the town was stirring, taking the child with her.

To Sebald Ashburnum's surprise and relief, she left no venomous sting behind,—chiefly, he thought, for the want of an instrument. In the haste of her flight, she had no opportunity of communicating with anyone.

Chester Ashburnum kept his secret. It could not be otherwise to a person of his nature than that he should view the matter with the greatest mortification, and wish his weakness never known. For this reason, he troubled Sebald little with reproaches, and somehow everyone seemed to think the latter not so very much to blame. The *expose* was a bold thing. Only such a man as Clyde Sherrington could have accomplished it.

For some reason, the balked woman never threatened his peace again. He brought lovely Lilian Grey to Summerhill, and it healed his sorrows to see her sweet face upon his mother's shoulder.

Perhaps Victoria suffered most. Her girlish soul was rudely shocked from its natural faith. She never heard "Mrs. Melville" mentioned without a shadow stealing over her face.

(THE END.)

ALPHABET PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half of the amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives a quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged in grow into little thieves.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are near kin.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never loose anything by doing a good turn.

I HAVE rarely seen that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of any profession, and did not omit to take fair and honorable opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at lenghth got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life, my young friends, is like a game of cards—our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems at first glance to depend on mere chance. But it is not so; for, in the long run, the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Then do not be discouraged by the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourselves to receive fortune when she comes in your way.—*Walter Scott.*

HALL'S *Journal of Health* thus sums up some of the uses of salt: It will cure sick headache, make cream freeze, make butter come, take ink stains out of cloth of any kind, kill wens, kill worms, make the ground cool; so it is more congenial to celery, cabbage, etc. It will cease the itching pain caused by irritating skin diseases, like hives, itch, etc. It will produce vomiting or stop it, as you like; and many other things too numerous to mention. All pure salt will do this, to a certain degree, but sea salt is the most effectual in its action.

TRUE happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises in the first place from the enjoyment of one's self, and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. False happiness loves to be in a crowd, and draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others.

A FRENCH NEWSPAPER OFFICE.—A Paris correspondent says in describing the office of the *Figaro*: "Opening upon the grand gallery that runs around the Spanish *patio*, or rotunda, are the rooms or halls that lead to the rooms of the various employes. These are all furnished in magnificent style, with rosewood furniture, rich carpets, tapestry, bronzes and marble statues. Some rooms accommodate a single writer, others two or three. The principal editor, De Villemessant, occupies a small room on the ground floor, to the right of the principal entrance. There are also a richly furnished council-room, in which all the literary force meets once each month; bedrooms, bath-rooms—for all the literary force of the paper, save the editor-in-chief, eats, sleeps, and lives in the building. There is also one very large room, whose sides are hung with masks and glittering foils. Each day at two o'clock all the employes assemble in this room and receive lessons in fencing from an expert. This is obligatory on each one, for the reason that each individual is expected to hold himself in readiness to call or be called to the field of honor at a moment's notice. Any hesitation in such a case would secure the instant dismissal of the individual involved.

FEMININE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.—For feminine self-consciousness mothers and nurses and governesses are mostly to blame. Worse educated than boys, girls are much more manipulated. From their earliest years they are taught to think of themselves and consider their actions as boys, healthily brought up, never are. They must not fling themselves about, and they must spread their little skirts gracefully when they sit down; they are cautioned to be "modest," when what the foolish instructress reviles is in its essence modesty because it is innocence. What she teaches is in its essence less modesty than self-consciousness; and girls are drilled into "elegance," which means that they are drilled out of all the gracefulness of nature, and made artificial and affected by the laws of "good breeding" and to suit Mrs. Grundy's views.

A PERSON who has no object in life is apt to run a vagrant and useless career. A man who aims at nothing cannot reasonably expect to hit anything. In military operations there is always what is called the objective point. The objective point is the point to be made, the thing to be done. All the forces of the army are concentrated on the making of that point; and when that point is made success follows. In one sense life is a warfare—it is a succession of campaigns. And every one should have his objective point—a clearly defined purpose—and work up to it with undeviating persistency. This is the only way to succeed.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

To such perfection have mechanical means been brought in our day, that time is measured to a millionth of a second, and lines have been ruled on glass plates to the number of 224,000 in an inch, several degrees finer than the scale of light wave-lengths.

M. EMILE COLLINOT, the French manufacturer of earthenware, has lately discovered a new mode of decorating buildings. Instead of applying a decorated faience to the wall, he proposes enameling the wall itself, by putting up a light scaffolding and using a blowpipe instead of an oven. The advantages of the scheme are cheapness and durability. Experiment has proved that the process is less expensive than separate plates and the decoration is calculated to last as long as the stone itself.

AN almost perfect imitation of leather is now said to be manufactured, according to a peculiar process discovered some time since by Dawidowski, the basis being parchment paper. It is as soft and pliable as natural leather, resembling it very closely in color and finish, and like it, can be glued, pressed, stamped, gilded, &c. It therefore forms a valuable substitute for the various fancy leathers, employed in so many industries. As a material for the binding of books it is found to resist abrasion extremely well, and it is not easily soiled by use, nor affected by contact with water. It is also free from the objections to leather as a lining for hats, as it resists the influence of perspiration.

IN the course of his examination before the Factory Acts Commission at Glasgow, Dr. Irvine stated, as among the strange transactions characterizing some of the British factories and public works, that, in the making of iron masts, hollow tubes, &c., small children are selected to go into the tubes to hold the ends of the rivets, and, in consequence of the great noise accompanying the operation, the drums of the children's ears get split, and they become quite deaf. The children, it appears, are induced by the high wages offered by the manufacturers to go into this employment, which is in fact, as unfavorable, physiologically, as the occupation of the chimney sweep. The children are made permanently deaf. Much the same result, in this respect, appears in the case of those who are employed in boiler-making.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER IN COPENHAGEN.—It seems that our friends in Northern Europe are not to be outdone in the butter market by the French or ourselves; and one of them, named Diderichsen, has devised a new method of making suet butter, which differs in some of its details from that employed in this city two years since. The suet is first washed in cold water, and cut up in fine pieces; then it is placed in wooden vessels and melted by aid of steam heat. About 1 per cent. of soda, dissolved in some water, is added to the melted fat, which is cooked for a few hours. Fresh soda is added, and the boiling repeated, after which the mass is washed with boiling water and pressed through flannel. To this mass, while still warm but not above 140 degrees Fah., 8 per cent. of olive oil is added, and 3 or 4 per cent. of sour milk, and the whole is then churned.

DESIGNING ON GLASS.—An ingenious mode of designing on glass, being a modification of the process by which copperplate engravings on paper are transferred to porcelain, has been invented in France. As fine-lined copperplate engravings would not adhere to glass, others having considerable depths are used; also, to impart to the enamels that thickness which glass requires, stearates and oleates are added to the usual elements, which serve to support or to fuse the colored and coloring oxides; and for a vehicle, a solution of rosin in ether or benzine is added to the mixture. Impressions taken mechanically on paper with this ink from engraved rollers are transferred on the glass, which is then treated as in similar processes with porcelain, and is finally placed in the furnace. Effects of great artistic beauty and merit are found capable of being produced by this means at a trifling cost, and it is probable that the application of the art may be greatly extended.

A DAY or two ago, M. Tresca, who has been working at his subject for twenty years, announced some of the results as the "flow of solids," showing that there is no hard and fast line dividing a solid from a liquid; the only difference being in the degree of viscosity or adhesiveness. Under various kinds of pressure, such as that of the air, even metals assume new forms. The discovery is even now full of promise to mechanical science. It points to the proper form and mode of applying tools, and explains many adjustments which workmen have hitherto been adopting by rule of thumb, and which will presently be reduced into formulæ of general application. With the boldness of a successful theorist, M. Tresca suggests carrying his speculation into physiology, in the hope of proving that the accretion of cell to cell is a mechanical operation. The minuteness of his investigations may be guessed from the fact that his consideratum is a measuring instrument to ascertain the thirtieth part of the thickness of a spider's thread.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"My Child;" "Shall we Meet;" "Weeds and Flowers;" "The Sunny Side;" "Going to the Centennial;" "Fun for the Fun-loving;" "Sonnet;" "Lethe;" "The Question Answered;" "Letters from a Grandmother;" "Just What I Think About It."

SCIENTIFIC, (Caldwell, O.)—"Please tell me the velocity of light, sound and sight." The velocity of light is variously estimated at from 160,000 to 240,000 miles per second. Perhaps, the mean velocity, or 200,000 miles per second, is the correct rate. Sound travels at the rate of 1,120 feet per second. Sight is one of the five senses. It is a faculty, and not matter, and has no velocity.

C. D., (Philadelphia).—"Will you inform me if song and dance men rise in the world, and what salary do they get? Does it injure the face to put burnt cork on it?" Song and dance men sometimes rise to a high rank in their own profession, but the attainment is not enviable. We would rather not use burnt cork on our face, as, aside from other considerations, it might materially affect our self-respect.

BOY, (South Bend, Ind.) writes:—"What should a gentleman write to a girl asking her for her company to a dance? Also to a theatre? Should one wear white kid gloves at a wedding?" A gentleman should simply request the pleasure of the lady's company. A small boy should not write at all to a girl about attending a dance or theatre. He should either be accompanied by his mother or nurse or remain at home. One should wear white kid gloves to a wedding in the city; in the country they may very properly be dispensed with.

J. O. D. (Westernville, N. Y.)—"As a subscriber of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, I take the liberty of requesting information concerning the manner of appointing cadets for the Naval Academy; and who I may address to ascertain the requirements for admission, course of study, etc." Cadets are appointed from each Congressional District by the Member of Congress from that District; while ten cadets at large are appointed by the President of the United States. If you will write to the Secretary of Navy at Washington, you will gain the desired information as to requirements, etc., while your own Congressman will inform you whether or not any vacancy exists.

G. R. H., (Rural, Rock Island Co., Ill.)—"1. Can the road commissioners compel a young man to work on the roads before he has been in the county or township sufficiently long to have become a voter? 2. Can a farmer make any patent implement for his own use without procuring a patent right? 3. What is the weight of a cub bear at its birth?" In reply to your first question we will say that it depends on the statutes of your State, with which we are not familiar. 2. A farmer may repair, but cannot make any patented implement, without subjecting himself to the penalty for infringement of the patent right. 3. We think the weight of a cub bear at birth varies from five to eight pounds.

F. C. (Perrysville, Allegheny Co., Pa.) "Will you tell me on what finger you would place an engagement ring, and what is the language of rings?" Formerly, the engagement ring was placed on the first finger of the left hand, and after marriage, the third finger received it. More recently, both the engagement and wedding ring are worn on the third finger of the left hand. A plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of a lady's right hand implies "not engaged," or, in other words, "ready for proposals." If the fair one proposes to defy all siege to her heart, she places the rings on her first and fourth fingers—one on each. It is somewhat singular, however, that this disposition of rings is exceedingly rare.

PERPLEXED.—"1. Is it proper for a lady to ask a gentleman to call when she first meets him at a party? 2. Is it proper for a lady to ask a gentleman for his picture? 3. What is your opinion of a man who would ask a lady to have him five or six times; would a girl be doing right to go out with him and allow him to visit her, if she didn't intend to have him. 4. Is it proper for young ladies to ask for introductions to gentlemen at parties? 5. What color of hair do men generally prefer?" 1. It is not proper: she should wait until she is certain that he is a fit person to visit her. 2. A lady should not ask a gentleman for his picture, unless he is an intimate friend; and then, only when he has first requested hers. 3. We should consider such a man "in dead earnest" and feel disappointed if he did not eventually succeed. If he is a proper person to receive, there can be no objection to allowing him to visit you, provided that you state explicitly that you will not marry him, and do not encourage attentions. 4. It is scarcely proper, and certainly not commendable for young ladies to solicit introductions to young gentlemen at parties. 5. Men of worth usually prefer that color of hair which shows that there are a few brains under it, and the more decided the color, the more marked the preference.

MAY writes: 1. "Can you tell me the meaning of *Ecce Homo*. 2. And please tell me of something that will keep the hands soft and white. 3. Do you know of anything that will make the hair grow? 4. What is good for salt rheum on the face? 5. I am eighteen years old, and have two chances to marry: One, a very nice young man with an excellent education, is a lawyer, and has a small fortune and a nice home; the other a poor young man with a good education and a kind heart. Which do you think I had better choose. 6. Do you think I am of a suitable age to marry? 7. How should the bridesmaids be dressed?" 1. *Ecce Homo* is a Latin phrase and means, "behold the man." 2. The following is good for the hands: Keep some oatmeal on the washstand, and, as often as the hands are washed, rub a little oatmeal over them; then rinse it off and when dry, put in a little pomade, made as follows: Take about five cents' worth of white wax, spermaceti and powdered camphor and olive or sweet oil enough to make it the thickness of soap; put it in a gallipot and let it stand in an oven to melt; mix it up and when cold it will be ready for use. 3. The following will make the hair grow: take borax two ounces; gum arabic, one drachm, and warm water, one quart; stir, and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add three tablespoonsful of strong spirits of camphor. On retiring wet the hair with the liquid and roll in twists of paper. 4. For eruptions on the face, dissolve an ounce of borax in a quart of water, and apply with a fine sponge every evening before retiring; on rising in the morning rub the face dry with the flour of sulphur, after washing. 5. You had better wait a year or two until you know your own mind before accepting either of the suitors. Matrimony without love is a poor investment. 6. You are not too young to marry, provided that your faculties and disposition are sufficiently matured, though we think you might very judiciously wait until you are twenty-two or twenty-three. 7. Where the wedding is a formal affair, the bridesmaids usually wear white.

A STUPID GIRL, (Philadelphia) writes:—"I have been in the habit of receiving a great deal of company until lately, for scarcely any one comes now. Please tell me how to entertain people, so that they will enjoy themselves and want to come again. It seems as if I never knew what to talk about. I suppose you will tell me to cultivate my mind, but I don't know how to go about it. Please answer and give me good advice." You are evidently so much exercised about your inability to entertain, that you allow your anxiety to become depicted in your countenance and movements in the presence of visitors. In the first place, cultivate self-possession and grace of manner and movement. Learn to feel as much at home in the midst of company as in your private chamber. Be polite on all occasions, and consider the feelings of others in all that you do or say. Never criticise those who are absent, and, therefore, unable to defend themselves, and never make fun of any one. Do not indulge in sarcasm or satire, and avoid disputes and unpleasant discussions. If you become angry or irritated, remain silent until you can speak with discretion. If anything is said of a humorous character worth laughing at, laugh; if not, do not giggle. If several gentlemen are visiting you at the same time, talk about something in which all have an interest, and can join in the conversation. Don't endeavor to talk too much, but always be an attentive listener. If you have a talent for music, cultivate it, and when called on to play or sing always comply without coaxing. Avoid the use of slang entirely. Read often good books and papers: works of history, such as Macaulay's England, Bancroft's United States &c; Travel, Humboldt and Bayard Taylor; Poetry, Shakespeare, Milton, Moore, Goldsmith, Bryant, Longfellow, Joaquin Miller and Whittier; Fiction, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Miss Braddon, Washington Irving and Hawthorne. Be as much as possible in the society of educated and refined people. Follow these directions and you will probably please sensible men—the smiles of fools you should not covet.

MISCELLANEOUS.—E. H. B., (Hulberton, N. Y.)—We do not think it would be judicious to republish the story you refer to. G. W. S.—If you will write to J. E. Ditson & Co., successors to Lee & Walker, music publishers, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, they will send a price list of the music you wish. L. M. M., (Owenton, Kentucky)—The author of "Bitter Sweet" is Dr. Jno. G. Holland, editor of *Scribner's Monthly*. Joaquin Miller is the author of "With Walker in Nicaragua."